



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 18, No. 35

(Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors.)  
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 8 1905.

Single Copies, 5c.  
For Annual (in advance), 65c.

Whole No. 919

## Things in General

A SUBJECT which recurs every year in the columns of the leading newspapers of the United States is, "Why don't men go to church?" As a rule it is a hot-weather subject, probably the temperature suggesting to the editor the fate of those who absent themselves from religious services. As usual with the holding of religious parliaments and conventions, this subject is making its annual round, and one of our local morning papers has asked and attempted to answer the question. Its answer includes the usual suggestion that the manly preacher never has empty pews, the proposing of the social club idea, and athletics in connection with the church, as with the Y.M.C.A., but is not enthusiastic as to the result. As a matter of fact, it is not as hard a question to answer as it seems. At this season of the year some men go fishing and some do not. Some men are too tired to go fishing; others do not care for the sport or cannot afford the time or expense. It is said that in Canada from sixty to seventy per cent. of the men stay from church; in the United States the figure is placed at about sixty per cent.

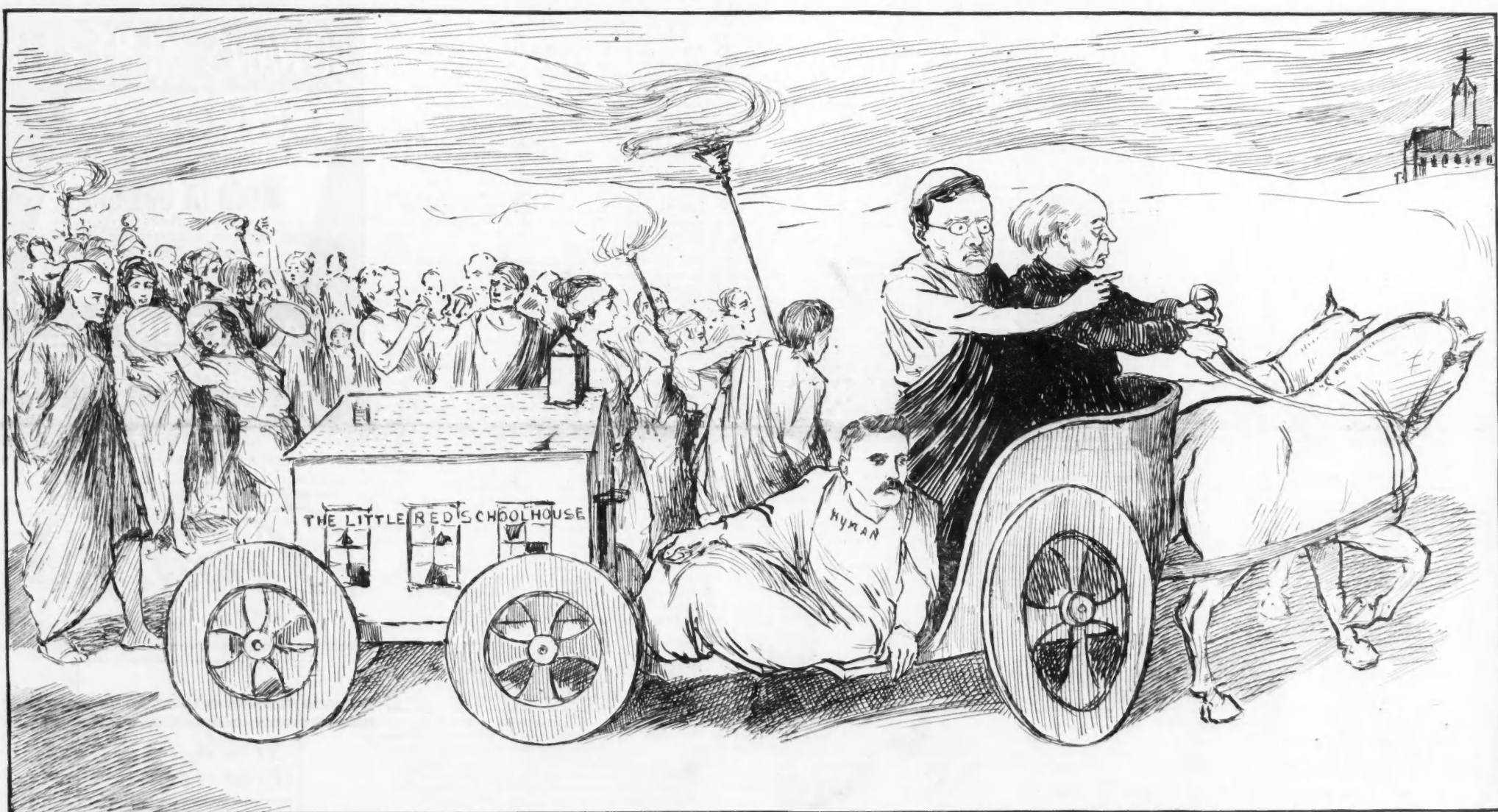
If we reversed the question and asked why men do go to church, we would have to exercise great care in making answer, and the thoughtful observer would assign more than one reason. Some, I am sure, go to church because they are sincerely religious, and the music, the singing, the prayers and the preaching have an elevating effect, and they come from the house of worship happier than when they went. Women, who are much more inclined to church-going than men, are more emotional and the uplifted feeling comes easier, though it may not be as lasting as with the devout of the other sex. Let us

period is past when the fear of hell crowded the church, though it may still drag reluctant masculine feet to the confessional once a year or when the sinner feels sick. The preacher who deals most with how to behave so as to cause the least sorrow and the most happiness to others would be listened to, for people desire to be content, and there are tens of thousands in this city who are not quite sure what is right in everyday matters. The parson who talks about good citizenship, just dealing, our duties to one another and to ourselves, is making good citizens by every sermon, and is also leading men nearer to God. It is the abstractions which are not grasped, the attempted emotionalism which fails to move, the mimic exaltation which fails to exalt, the hallelujahs which are empty of joy, the assurances of salvation which do not make men sure—these are the things which keep men from going to church. The average man does not care for the theater and goes but seldom, and then he goes to see the art of the actor or to take his wife or family. Women and young folks who like to have their emotions played upon, people of the same sex and age as furnish the congregation of the preacher, furnish the body of the audience in the theater. Of course there is the one difference; the old, those who are world-weary and long to think of the life to come—they do not go to the theater, but many of them do go to church, anxious to believe, and with long years of happy church-going in the past to remember. To me there is no subject more solemn than the diversion of men's thoughts and impulses, not only from religion, but from citizenship and good and fine things, to the making of money. They pay a great price for gold, the forgetfulness of the beauties of art, the widening influences of travel, and the kindly associations of man with man with some uplifting object in common. The most available association, the one which would be most readily adopted were

bor Square was a park or not, said that he thought it was dedicated for park purposes, and in any case it was his care. Mayor Urdhart, according to the *News*, de- that it was a park and asserted that "the city simply reserves it for leasing purposes." However, the Mundy people were permitted to use it without charge, and Commissioner Chambers says that \$20 will put it in as good repair as it was before the show was held there.

If the statement published in the *News* is correct, it reveals about the most unbusinesslike mess imaginable. The party of the first part seems to have been an itinerant showman with abundance of nerve, a few wild beasts, and nine side-shows of the Midway Plaisance variety. As the Elks are a very popular order amongst actors and showmen, he was probably a member of that fraternity and made himself solid with the local organization, which offhand appeared to have guaranteed him a free show site and immunity from license fees. This is probably the game that the Mundy people work elsewhere, probably under the same auspices. An unknown percentage of the profits were to go to the Sick Children's Hospital; probably the "hospital" cloak for a graft is also being worked elsewhere. The local organization of Elks includes several hundred of our most popular and influential young and middle-aged men, and apparently representatives of the order, probably following the showman's instructions, went blandly up against the Mayor and Controllers, asked for a free site and were given a park; petitioned for immunity from license fees and were promptly assured that none would be charged, thus obtaining city concessions which, at the ordinary rates, would have amounted to \$6,300—a proceeding I believe to be illegal, at any rate foolish. The show was held, has been declared a failure, the Sick Children's Hospital gets nothing, the Elks are out of pocket \$100—

berta \$9,000, Saskatchewan \$9,000, British Columbia \$9,000, Yukon Commissioner (really costing about \$24,000 annually) \$6,000; total, \$43,000. It must be remembered that the salary of a Lieutenant-Governor is a federal charge, and as Ontario has nearly two-fifths of the population and it is estimated pays three-fifths of the whole taxation, the share of this province for the Lieutenant-Governors of Alberta and Saskatchewan will be \$10,800, and Ontario's share of the salaries of all the Western Lieutenant-Governors \$25,800. Taking the salaries of all the Lieutenant-Governors in the nine provinces and of the Yukon Commissioner—Nova Scotia \$9,000, New Brunswick \$9,000, Prince Edward Island \$7,000, Quebec \$10,000, Ontario \$10,000, to which add the salaries of the Lieutenant-Governors of the Western Provinces, \$43,000, making the grand total of \$88,000—leaves Ontario saddled with \$52,800 per annum to pay for the petty mimic courts held in various provinces, yet the coercionists say Ontario has no right to ask that the West be protected from the bullying of a scrap-heap majority in Parliament. Looking at the large and useless amount we pay for these assistant-deputy-vice-regal flummies, the thought is apt to suggest itself that a more frugal system could be found and should be adopted. Lieutenant-Governors are mighty little good. They dare not act on their own initiative as a rule, and when they do they seldom fail to embroil themselves, their province, the political parties and the Dominion Government. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of each province might very well act as Lieutenant-Governor and receive a much needed addition to his stipend for the service. Lieutenant-Governorships are usually passed out as a reward for party services of the most inglorious nature, and the opportunity to appoint a man to such a high-sounding job affords a means of bribery most corrupting to politicians, and will no doubt settle the claim in Alberta and



A ROMAN HOLIDAY.—SUGGESTION FOR TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF LONDON LIBERALS TO THEIR PICNIC OF REJOICING OVER HYMAN'S ELECTION, TO BE HELD ON SATURDAY.  
(The Little Red Schoolhouse, it will be observed, occupies the place of the Captives in the ancient Roman Triumphal Procession.)

hope that the majority of church-goers belong to this class; yet I think it would be stretching the facts to allege that more than a bare majority could be classified under the heading of devout. Many go because it breaks the monotony of a day that the Sabbatharians make as monotonous as possible, if church and Sunday school attendance be left out. They go to church as many people go to theaters, to enjoy themselves by looking at others, hearing the music, and listening to the preaching, but I am afraid are dull of ear when prayer is being offered. Others go to church to seem respectable, and are officious therein that their credit may be improved. Others go from force of habit and a lukewarm desire to observe the conventionalities of religion; with them it is mere form, and spirituality is not in them. Some go because they like to help sing, look at the other people's clothes, to see their friends, make acquaintances, with perhaps a view to matrimony or the bettering of their social position.

When the question is asked, "Why don't men go to church?" it is easy to see why they do not join any of the classes except the devout. I can answer for myself that I do not attend theaters because I am tired of the make-believes on the stage and the discomfort of sitting in one posture for hours. Probably I stay away from church for very much the same reasons, for it cannot be denied that there is much make-believe in the pulpit and considerable discomfort for a lame man in the pews. The singing, too, is not without its make-believes. I do not "want to be an angel and with the angels stand," and it depresses me to hear lusty voices coming from reasonably healthy and happy people clamoring for immediate removal to the Hereafter. If death should hand a harp to these singers of emotional hymns they would shriek and chase themselves home as fast as they could run. There is a good deal of make-believe in the prayers, and if the make-believe is dying out of the sermon, and things which are no longer part of the faith of the average Christian are avoided, the presumption is that the preacher is making believe that he still holds these doctrines by not making denial or even mentioning them. While the average man is only a grown-up boy and likes to play, he is fairly serious-minded and does not care to hear things which he does not believe, from preachers who, he feels certain, are also in a state of doubt or disbelief.

I think men do not go to church because they want simplicity and sincerity and some statement about something they understand that they can take home with them. If they fail to get this they consider their time and effort wasted. The

sincerity more apparent, would be the church.

Why don't men go to church? Because they don't like to. And why not? Because they do not feel they need what they get there. If a man feels he needs anything, he goes after it. Man does feel that he needs helplessness, good advice, the kindly association of good, sincere and unaffected people. When a church provides these things and has a manly, outspoken, courageous and common-sense pastor, it will have plenty of men in the pews who will want to grasp the preacher's hand after the services and will not be slow to seek his advice and encouragement through the week. No man is so strong that he does not sometimes feel like leaning upon someone with special strength—everyone feels like using a crutch sometimes; everyone is weary and heavy-laden occasionally. Why don't they go to the preacher more than they do? Why don't they seek comfort and restfulness in the church more than they do? The answer seems to me simple—because the preacher is seldom that sort of man and the church not often that kind of place. It may be said that some churches have this helpful, restful atmosphere, and that some ministers are of the manly, sincere and appreciative type, but those who do not go to church have usually been frightened from everything religious by bruises inflicted by falling in unhappy places and meeting the wrong kind of parsons, and so learning to classify—wrongly, no doubt—the whole outfit as places and people to be avoided.

THE Mundy show in Harbor Square last week was financially a failure, and consequently there will be no surplus for the Hospital for Sick Children." According to the *News*, "This information was given out by Mr. Carl Beal, a member of the Elks Society, under whose patronage the show was held." Mr. Beal states: "The receipts were less than \$3,800, and in salaries alone the show people paid \$2,300. When all other expenses were defrayed there was in charge of the show were from \$1,000 to \$1,400 out of pocket." He also announced that "the Elks would lose less than \$200 as they did not guarantee the Mundy people anything, only a license to show here and the necessary ground." After that it "was worked on a percentage basis, and the Elks had a ticket-taker and checker at every show." He is reported as stating "that the shows were worth the price of admission and that the business methods of the Mundy people were most praiseworthy."

Park Commissioner Chambers, when asked whether Har-

though I cannot see how, if they had ticket-takers and checkers at every door, ten in all, and paid them for their week's work, that amount of watchfulness could have been had for \$100—the Mundy people are said to be three or four thousand dollars shy, the citizens lost the use of a recreation ground for a week, it will cost \$20 to fill the holes the showmen dug, the Mayor and Controllers made asses of themselves by allowing the city to be worked in any such crazy way, and all of this in one fool transaction. The benefit amounts to less than nothing, for the shows were not elevating in character nor even good of their class, which is not high. The newspapers seem to have been the only people who were able to dig anything out of the mess, and their advertising bills, which were considerable, appear to have been the price of their silence, for apparently they did not succeed in rounding up a crowd for what a number of them have admitted to me was a dizzy show. Surely they did not refrain from commenting on the whole mess of foolishness because they were afraid of the Elks, for that is an organization of good fellows who are thoroughly reasonable and unlikely to boycott a paper for telling the truth. Hitherto the city press has not been afraid to express an opinion of the action of the Controllers, and it would therefore seem that the advertising accounts kept these great organs of public opinion from jumping on what appears to have been one of the silliest episodes of the silly season. I hope the result of it all will be to keep our friends of the Elks out of the allied show and hospital business, and prove a warning to the Controllers not to be so ready to shut up a city recreation ground and waive the customary licenses simply because they are asked to do so in the name of a fraternal organization and a local hospital.

IT is announced by the local Government organ that the salaries of the Lieutenant-Governors of Alberta and Saskatchewan shall be \$9,000 a year each. Ontario, with a population of 2,182,947, pays its Lieutenant-Governor \$10,000 a year and furnishes him with a residence. The North-West Territories with a population of less than 160,000 whites, are to have two Lieutenant-Governors at \$9,000 apiece, and residences will no doubt be provided. On the basis of population, if 160,000 people cost \$18,000 for Lieutenant-Governors, Ontario should pay in the neighborhood of \$240,000 per annum, which, of course, is ridiculous. The whole population of Western Canada is estimated at 800,000, and the cost of Lieutenant-Governors will be as follows: Manitoba \$10,000, Al-

Saskatchewan of a couple of the Government's most subservient heelers.

THIS giving of special favors to churches and organizations by either governments or city authorities, is essentially bad. The Pavilion in Allan Gardens was not rebuilt because the old one did not pay, and it did not pay because it had become the custom of the city authorities to remit the rental on every possible excuse. This disposition of the Controllers and aldermen to make popularity by giving the free use of city property to every organization possessing votes and influence, asking for it, does more to kill the idea of city ownership of public utilities than anything else. They might as well open the civic treasury and pass out the money, as give money's worth with no return. It may seem ungracious to the Elks, the Mayor and Controllers to put the subject in this blunt, unsympathetic way, for their intention may have been to be charitable rather than to popularize themselves, but intentions count for very little these days when so many grafts conceal themselves behind religion and philanthropy. Men who are put in charge of the city's affairs are not put there as philanthropists and vote-makers, but to administer a trust. If they act foolishly or become open to the suspicion of being self-advertisers, they are doing more harm stupefying, cajoling or antagonizing public opinion than they can estimate.

REV. EBER CRUMMY, D.D., late of Kingston, Japan, and elsewhere, preached his initial sermon as pastor of the Bathurst Street Methodist Church last Sunday, and indicated that he is a man who knows how to get at people. He said he came to teach, and not to preach, and plainly intimated that he was not enamored of the class and prayer-meeting, but believed strongly in taking hold of children, particularly at adolescence, and making them understand the real meaning of Christ's life and the beauty of His mission. His story about the class of fifteen-year-old girls to whom he gave Farrar's *Life of Christ* to read, believing that it would appeal to them more strongly than would the descriptions of the Master given by Matthew, Mark, Luke or John, must have been exceedingly interesting. I can quite understand that girls of that age could get very little insight into the mind or mission of Christ by reading the archaic and condensed wording of the Gospels, while on the other hand there is no more interesting work than Farrar's book, which in recent illustrated editions is called *The Story of a Beautiful Life*. Dr.



Crummey said the result was that all of the girls, of their own free will, asked to be admitted into the church at the end of the year. This is in line with what I have written as to why men don't go to church, and yet there are many who will. That it is not quite orthodox and that the suggestion that all children should be taught to read Shakespeare is really a line of training likely to make theater-goers. What may be called the clairvoyant part of children and grown people is too little appealed to. There is something within us, made existent, perhaps, by hundreds of generations of progenitors doing and thinking the same thing, that feels and knows—an instinct to which too little appeal is made. A hen leads little ducklings and is terrified to see them take to the water, but they have the instinct and to the water they go. Efforts are made to induce children to imitate Christ, but it is to a great extent defeated by making them feel that they are imitating a God, not a man. The childish mind is prone to comparisons, and both young and old find excuse for not imitating a God who could do everything—they lack the instinct to try what, on the face of it, appears impossible. The life of Jesus, the son of Mary, is entrancing in its beauty and fascinating as an example, and it seems to me it would be better to teach more of this than to make a Christ-like life seem impossible of achievement by making the divine side overshadow the human part. Dr. Crummey served some six or eight years in Japan, and it would appear as if he had not lived in the Flowery Kingdom in vain. As a preacher with ideas he is certainly welcome to Toronto, and in succeeding Rev. Mr. Starr—a good man of independent views and much common sense—he will find ground prepared for the sowing.

NEXT Monday's meeting of the City Council will be besieged by a large deputation of doctors interested in the smaller hospitals of this city—St. Michael's, Grace, Western, and the Orthopedic. They will oppose the grant of \$200,000 asked to supplement a similar amount from the Provincial Government, which in addition to private donations is expected to build a hospital costing about \$1,300,000. It would appear on the surface that the practitioners engaging in this destructive movement would rather have their self-interests served than see a great hospital erected for the sick and magnificent clinical advantages provided for the students. Many resolutions were passed at a preliminary meeting and handed over to a committee consisting of Dr. John Ferguson, Dr. Emory, Dr. Palmer and Mr. H. T. Kelly, to be put into shape. To those acquainted with the leading medical men of Toronto, these names are not those of men of sufficient importance to make the aldermen tremble in their presence, and it is to be hoped that the splendid scheme of a first-class hospital, with all the clinical advantages it will offer to those studying medicine, will not be sacrificed for any selfish interests. It is difficult to see how the new and large hospital projected will injure the prospects or business of the smaller ones named above, or any others. The doctors opposed to the new hospital say "they find from last year's Government returns that the daily average number of patients treated at the General Hospital last year was 267, while the other hospitals combined averaged 350, thus showing that the smaller hospitals do most of the work. The average pauper patients in the General Hospital, they claim, were 75, against 112 charity patients in St. Michael's, Grace and the Western." What, if anything, does this prove? If this proves anything, is it not that the city is paying fifty cents per diem for the treatment of charity patients in poorly equipped hospitals, while for the same money the patients could be properly housed in well-ventilated rooms and receive ample attention? Even the proposed hospital would not accommodate all the patients who would offer themselves, and the smaller hospitals would still be full, by reason of special localization. Not only is sectarianism being imported into the opposition against the General Hospital scheme, but the jealousy of the eastern section of the city is being aroused because of the removal of the General Hospital from its present situation. There is no reason why the doctors of that section should not organize a hospital after the type of the Western and take care of their local patients. The growth of the hospital idea is so great and rapid that in all the cities private and semi-private hospitals are being organized. More people when they are sick go to hospitals than would have had hysterics if their doctor suggested that they should go to a hospital to be confined, never think of unsettling their household affairs or putting their lives in additional danger by having their babies at home. The knowledge that the percentage of cures in all diseases is greater in hospitals than in homes, unless trained nurses are provided, which the poor and those not possessing ample means cannot afford, is

driving the sick more generally into institutions either private or public. No attempt is being made to prevent physicians from establishing hospitals if they so desire; the new General Hospital scheme has a wider meaning, a greater public interest than any such local propositions. That doctors in private practice who find these smaller hospitals afford special opportunities for money-making should organize themselves to upset such a general and beneficent scheme as has been outlined, seems to me a reflection on their ability to obtain practice or prominence without some special alliance with a semi-private, semi-public and partially equipped institution.

No doubt the aldermen will be made to quake by suggestions of what will be done to them if they vote the \$200,000 without submitting a by-law to the people. The submitting of a by-law to the people, the City Council should remember, is in this case little better than an attempt to defeat it, for religious and geographical sectarianism will be stirred to its utmost by men who for their own interests would like to see things remain as they are, regardless of the benefits that would be conferred on the sick and the advantages offered to the student by the proposed new General Hospital. Before making any decision, the aldermen should inspect the hospitals which the Government inspector has declared unfit for the purpose to which the buildings are put, and pay particular attention to the plans of the building proposed. If the General Hospital, which has been declared insufficient and unsuited to the purpose, is had, what must be thought of the others? Grace Hospital was originally constructed for a hotel; excepting the new wing, St. Michael's is unsuitable, and the Western Hospital is certainly not a model on which a new hospital would be constructed. The Orthopedic Hospital, I believe, is a purely proprietary concern, and probably the Sick Children's Hospital is the only one constructed on scientific lines in Toronto, and it probably could be improved if it were being built now instead of years ago. It is certainly to be hoped that the aldermen will act in the large spirit shown by the Provincial Government, a body much less interested in a city hospital than our City Council ought to be. Toronto has a rare chance, for a small expenditure, to get a first-class and much needed institution, and if the doctors making complaint were as interested in science as in getting practice the scheme would go through unopposed.

THE *Globe* rejoices with exceeding great joy, so it would have us believe, that "the North-West school question is settled." It says, "It has been settled on the basis of compromise. The extremes of opinion were each willing to sacrifice some lesser thing for the sake of accomplishing the supreme thing desired by all. With strong convictions, political, religious, racial, on either side, settlement could not have been secured on any other basis." The *Globe* would have us believe that compromise is a lovely thing, in fact the only way to make extremes come together—as if it were necessary for extremes to be made meet on a question that need not have been raised. If one man tells an unqualified and gratuitous untruth, and another man makes a flat denial, can there be any proper compromise? Is it decently possible to settle upon a half-truth by the truth-teller yielding half his statement as false? Is it wise to do so in order to keep the liar from making a row? This sort of settlement does not appeal to either my sense of justice or prudence. Such a settlement as has been made of the North-West school question encouraged the extremists to demand official use of the French language in the new provinces of the North-West. They were badly beaten, it is true, even the apostate Sir Wilfrid declining to go to such a length, knowing as he did that he had already overstepped the limit of non-Catholic endurance. He admitted in his speech opposing the various amendments and sub-amendments intended to impose the French language upon the new provinces, that his opposition to it would come up against him in Quebec at the next general election, and he besought the people of his own race to remember how much he had done for them and to appreciate the fact that it was impossible to do more. His compromise of his record on Coercion meant the betrayal of those who put him in power, but according to the *Globe* it was a lovely thing. He already appreciates the fact that he did not carry his betrayal of non-coercionists to an extent satisfactory to the people of his race and religion, who will doubtless rise up and denounce him for not doing more. Compromises almost invariably result in increasing the perplexity of a situation inasmuch as they simply avert the danger of the moment, while increasing the perplexities of the future. No compromise can be of lasting advantage; our liberties are not founded on compromises, but on the sturdy adherence of our forefathers to principles. Confederation, now thirty-eight years old, was a compromise, and it has been full of endless worries, strifes, bickerings, recriminations and aggressions. For many years the North compromised with the South on the question of slavery, but in the end its settlement brought a deluge of blood. The man who submits to blackmail places himself in the power of a blackmailer, and his woes increase as the demands of the blackmailer become bolder, more obstinate and fiercer, till he either takes refuge in flight or kills his tormentor or himself. The years of terror and extortion he suffers might all be put an end to by calling a policeman and having the matter settled at once, or by jumping on his tormentor and pounding the steam out of him. I confess I prefer the direct, and it seems to me the more manly, course, for procrastination settles nothing.

If the *Globe* believes that the North-West school question is settled, its credulity is great and its faith in the forgetfulness of the people unlimited. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier is comforting himself in the belief that the final vote of his subservient parliamentary majority settles the question, he has pitched his tent in a fool's paradise. He has yet to settle with the men who will be defeated because they voted for fettering the West, and the settlement will have to be in offices, contracts, concessions, or something else representing cash. Already the official air at Ottawa is full of scandal, and if the Opposition have eyes, ears and energy they will unearth at least some of the means taken to obtain the price of settlement demanded by renegade representatives. Sir Wilfrid has not settled with the Church because he did not give it all it demanded. He has not settled with his compatriots, for he did not impose the language they love upon a country which he himself described as having only four per cent of a French-Canadian population. It matters not how unjust or absurd the claims made by Messrs. Bergeron, Monk and Bourassa; the story of their demand for their "beautiful language" will tickle the ear of the habitant and yet make him the enemy of Sir Wilfrid. No, Monsieur *Globe*, no, Sir Wilfrid, the question is not settled; it is only your political fate that has been settled.

AFTER a long session and amidst great excitement the French Chamber of Deputies last Monday night, by a majority of 341 to 233, effected a complete separation of Church and State. The bill put an end to the politico-religious system inaugurated by Napoleon's famous concordat, signed by him and Pius VII. in 1801, giving religion a governmental status, making the churches the property of the State, and putting the clergy and the entire ecclesiastical property under the direction of a Cabinet Minister of Public Worship. The clergy, not only of the Roman Catholic, but of some other recognized denominations, were paid out of public funds, and thus the new order of things will make the attendants at places of worship feel the expense of maintaining them, as they will have to pay directly for what heretofore they thought was free, no direct contribution being required except on special occasions. The general principle of the measure, as finally adopted by the Chamber of Deputies, is as follows: The Republic assures liberty of conscience and guarantees the free exercise of religion, subject to the restrictions of the public order. The Republic neither recognizes, pays stipends to nor subsidizes any sect, but provides funds for college, hospitals and asylum chaplains. Otherwise the public worship budget is abolished and public establishments connected with religion are suppressed.

The discussion of the measure was very acrimonious and protracted, no fewer than 250 amendments, some of them requiring a whole sitting to discuss, having been offered and rejected. The cablegram announcing the result stated that the most active contest took place over the proposition whereby the priceless riches of the Church, consisting of collections made during many centuries, of paintings, tapestries and statuary, were to be passed to the State. This was finally modified so that civil organizations retain control of the goods of the Church. One of the last amendments adopted prohibits members of the clergy becoming mayors or holding other municipal offices during the eight years succeeding the adoption of the bill.

This news will probably reach the habitants of Quebec

in the course of ten or fifteen years, for many of them do not take newspapers—in fact, a considerable percentage do not read and write—and we may be sure that the priests and the politicians will keep them in ignorance of what has been done in their mother land as long as possible. French-Canadian newspapers, which always accuse the people of this province of uniting racial hatred with Protestant bigotry whenever anything involving either is under discussion, will find it rather interesting to discover either sectarian bigotry or racial hatred in the action of Frenchmen wiping clean their national slate of the very things which the Quebec priests and politicians are trying to fasten upon Canada or such sections of it as are being newly organized.

NOBODY could have read the despatch last Saturday morning that the Russian battleship *Kniaz Potemkin*, whose crew mutinied and killed their officers, had surrendered, without firing a shot and unconditionally, to Admiral Kruger's squadron, without feeling that the despatch was either untrue or the mutineers, over eight hundred in number, were a crew of dastardly poltroons. The despatch was denied in a later edition of some of the morning papers, but in the meantime those who read the first despatch and not the second had an opportunity of reflecting on the probable fate of the men who had killed their officers and fired upon the city of Odessa with a view of helping the strikers, and the release of some of their comrades who had gone ashore to bury the man who had been put to death by the officers for complaining of the food. A mutiny on board a merchant ship is a serious matter; on board a man-of-war it is the ultimate crime, with a pirate's death as punishment. Such mutinies are of rare occurrence, and are seldom without justification, and the whole world was astounded when the news was received of such an uprising on a Russian battleship. The Russian serf and soldier have been types of the most slavish obedience—long-suffering, patient, by no means cowardly, yet often cruel. One can imagine what the discipline on board a Russian man-of-war must have been, for while a vein of cruelty runs through the whole people, the military and naval officers and the bureaucracy are saturated with it. The Greek Church, even, has taught the people to be cruel to themselves in penances and pilgrimages, until hardship and suffering are what the common people expect, and hitherto they have scarcely resented the actions of those who imposed such a fate upon them. Remembering the old adage, "Beware the fury of a patient man," the reported surrender of the crew of the *Kniaz Potemkin* seemed incredible, for the meek man seldom rebels and endangers his life without fighting bravely to a finish. That there will be a tragic finish we cannot doubt. It may make heroes of the mutineers if the whole had business ends in revolution or ultimately the men will meet some terrible punishment, for the Russian official has a long memory.

All of this goes to show that before a man or woman becomes a mutineer in any respect serious thought must be taken of the consequences. The mutineer in politics, no matter whether his cause be just or unjust, is almost invariably led to death politically. If he succeeds in being re-nominated—and he generally fails—his popularity must be great or his cause wonderfully attractive if he succeeds in being re-elected. In Parliament he is out at a disadvantage and placed in a false light so frequently that he is unable to explain to his constituency, and his end is sure, for his old friends abandon him, and the other party, believing his usefulness gone, refuse to take him up. Even the parson, when he rebels against the creed or discipline of his church, meets a similar fate. If he is a professor in a theological college and escapes a heresy trial, promotions are made over his head until he is forced to resign, and good care is taken that he does not obtain a parish. The merchant or manufacturer, the tradesman, the artisan, even the laborer who mutinies against the association or union to which he belongs, must be a brave and strong man to stand the odium placed upon him and the fierce conflicts into which he is forced. Society has its mutineers, and they fall by the way if they lack strength, organizing ability and backing to put up as fierce a fight as those against whom they rebel. In domestic life there are innumerable cases of mutiny of which one never hears—the mutinous husband, the mutinous wife, the mutinous family, and probably these supply unwritten tragedies which, if made public, would make the story of the rebellious sailors of the *Kniaz Potemkin* sound like nothing more than a fierce improbable story told from afar. When tales of domestic mutiny reach the gossips or the newspapers, what a world of misery and derision is created for the mutineers. Take, for instance, the case in Brooklyn, N.Y., last week, where the judge, hoping to effect a reconciliation, sentenced the young husband to kiss his girl wife at least once a day, pay her \$6, and take her to Coney Island every week. The newspapers are having a world of fun writing up the stubborn couple and interviewing the wife, who in one article was described as being found holding her baby, while she indignantly told a crowd of elder women what it was "that made her and George mad at each other." The authors of it is almost hidden by the frightful coarseness of it all, but what domestic mutiny does not look coarsely hideous in the eyes of outsiders? Wherefor it seems but proper to repeat the remark that mutiny is a bad habit.

CORRESPONDENT inquires why I selected Toronto Railway stock as a special subject of criticism while passing over other stocks which have been quite as liberally watered. As the writer of the letter did not sign his name, dealt in generalities and wrote at considerable length, the communication is not published, but if he sends me facts and figures demonstrating as clearly as I think I demonstrated last Saturday that any stock now selling at better than par is practically worth no more than twenty-five cents on the dollar, I will investigate the matter and present the figures in full, no matter what interests may be involved. Stock-jobbing and speculating in shares is no part of my business, but warning investors against putting their money into a concern from which they will never get it back is, I think, within the legitimate sphere of newspaper work. During the past week I have made careful inquiries amongst people who know what they are talking about, and without exception they expressed the belief that Toronto Railway stock, as an investment, is not worth over twenty-five cents on the dollar. One gentleman prominent in finance said that the franchise having only sixteen years to run, and being so heavily encumbered, would practically leave no assets for the shareholders at the end of the term, and shares in it could therefore be considered no better than an annuity. He expressed surprise that I had been unaware of this condition of Toronto Railway stock for so long. I asked if the matter had ever been taken up by the daily papers which devoted themselves to financial criticism, and was told that he could not remember that there had ever before been an attempt to make it intelligible to the public. He further stated that his firm had never offered the stock to clients, but had always advised them to avoid it. If this is the way that the daily papers are treating the readers of their financial columns and permitting innocent people to be misled into unprofitable investments, it seems to me to be time that somebody made it his business to dig into these matters, and in future I shall try an occasional whack at it myself.

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### Social and Personal.

The "Summer Season" in Toronto is fast becoming a dis-  
tinct and important section of the year. The influx of South-  
erners, who find this city a refuge most grateful and comfort-  
ing from the heat of their own homes; the development of  
the Island, and the various hot weather resorts adjacent to  
Toronto, are factors in building up the "summer season."  
Every year there is added enterprise and new modes of wel-  
coming and amusing our summer visitors. The city drives,  
four-in-hand, the splendid boat service in every direction over  
the lake, and the growing fashion of householders here spend-  
ing the summer abroad and letting their homes to summer  
sojourners, have attractions to all sorts of people from other  
parts.

The "legal holidays" of July and August have already  
sent a large percentage of our lawyers abroad in search  
of rest and recreation, and those who are happy enough to  
own islands in Muskoka are at present in full enjoyment of  
their summer homes there. Many of the big houses are closed,  
and in others there is little sign of life, the occupants being  
mainly occupied with sport at one or other of the country  
clubs. The new Yacht Club house is very popular, and the  
excellence of its chef is subject for congratulation among the  
members and their friends. Many of the Island residents  
who belong to the Yacht Club come over every evening for  
dinner, whole families of adults being seen at table. On Mon-  
day evening, after some very pleasant dinners, the first  
dance of the summer season was held and was most delight-  
ful. The evening was cool and pleasant, and the music and  
floor perfect. Last Friday evening several parties dined at  
the Yacht Club. Mr. and Mrs. Morang, who are at their  
summer cottage on the Breakwater, had the Misses Heaven  
and Mr. and Miss Palmer of Mexico at their table. Mr. and  
Mrs. Douglas Macdougall had a small dinner, one of their  
guests being the Swami Abhedananda, who was in town for  
the day, en route to the Canadian Rockies, where he will spend  
a month in solitary meditation and rest, after a winter crowded  
with work. The Swami intends visiting Mexico after his  
holiday in the mountains and returns to New York from Vera  
Cruz by sea.

The Hunt Club habitués are enjoying their lakeside para-  
dise, and many spend half their time there. The Master, who  
is absent in England, is much missed, but there is no lack of  
*bonne camaraderie* in his absence. All her friends in this set  
were much distressed at the very serious illness of Mrs. J.  
Fraser Macdonald, nee Milligan, who underwent an operation  
for appendicitis this week and was in serious case. At time of  
writing she was progressing favorably, I heard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott, Miss Helen Scott, and little  
Master Scott, the grandson, are over at the Island for the  
summer.

Mr. Fasken is in the North-West on a long-anticipated  
trip. Mrs. Fasken and her son are also out of town.

The marriage of Madame de Chadenes, formerly Miss  
Hillary, daughter of the late Dr. Hillary of Aurora, Ont., and  
Mr. Alexander Davidson Leslie, nephew of Lieutenant-Colonel  
Davidson, took place in St. Luke's Church on June 29, only  
the immediate relatives of the bride and groom being present.  
Rev. Dr. Langtry officiated. Mr. Jean de Chadenes was his  
mother's attendant, there being no groomsmen nor brides-  
maids. The bride wore pearl grey *voile de soie*, and pretty  
straw hat with roses, and carried a sheaf of roses. Mr. and  
Mrs. Leslie left for the East after receiving congratulations  
at the summer residence of the bride and enjoying a dainty  
*déjeuner*, the bride traveling in a white embroidered linen cos-  
tume, with white hat. Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCulloch (the  
latter a sister of the groom) came down from Galt to be pre-  
sent at the ceremony. Mrs. and Miss Hillary, Colonel and  
Mrs. J. I. Davidson and the Messrs. de Chadenes were also  
of the party.

Miss Beatrice Francis returned home this week, and is  
now one of her mother's jolly house party at Dulce Domum,  
Center Island, where Mrs. Francis has assembled a household  
of children and grandchildren. Many hearty congratulations  
are sent to Miss Gwendolyn Francis on her recovered health,  
and also on her engagement, which was announced recently.  
Her future is Mr. E. Bertram Gay Andrus, son of Professor  
Andrus of Trinity.

I hear that there is a chance of Rev. Mr. Capp of Sault Ste.  
Marie taking Mr. Heathcote's parish of St. Clement's. Mrs.  
Capp's Toronto friends will be glad if this is arranged, for  
she was, as Miss Clara Tomlinson, a very bright and popular  
girl in social and student circles. Mrs. Capp was a graduate  
of Trinity, I think.

All sorts of quaint conceits have been developed this sum-  
mer in the arrangement and costuming of the juvenile attend-  
ants on the bride. There have been tiny girls who went  
through the ceremony with an aplomb and knowledge as  
amazing as it was diverting, there have been small boys in  
pages' costumes, and little bloused Russians, and "just boys"  
in white sailor suits, looking angelic for the time being, and  
stuffing themselves with untrammelled appetite later on; little  
cavaliers with the precious wedding-ring in a lily-cup, tiny  
girls carrying it on a white satin tray or cushion, flower  
maidens strewing the path of the *nouveaux mariés* with blos-  
soms, and others keeping the crowd back with barriers of  
white ribbon. "Swagger sticks," with love knots of white  
ribbon and posies of sweet peas, were carried by the juveniles  
leading a smart bridal procession the other day, and a sym-  
bolic "horn of plenty" brimming with flowers has several  
times been borne by a small but devoted laddie in attendance  
on a stylish bride. We have yet to see a baby queen of the  
festive hour wheeled up in a floral perambulator, but there's  
really no telling what original contrivance may be evolved to the  
honor of the occasion and the delight of the guests.

Principal Auden of Upper Canada College has taken a  
house for July and August at Roach's Point.

Mrs. William Roaf and Miss Marjorie Macfarlane left for  
Vancouver last Monday, where they will spend the summer.  
Mr. Roaf will go out later. They intend visiting the fair at  
Portland, Oregon, before returning in September.

Three guests of the Lakeview Hotel, Jackson's Point, that  
is to say, Mr. F. J. Smith, Mr. C. A. Tubby, and Mr. Charles  
Stark of this city, went out trolling on July 1 on Lake Sim-  
coe, and were successful in catching a maskinonge weighing  
thirty-five pounds. The fish measured 4 feet 4 inches in length  
and 20 inches in circumference. The lake was somewhat  
rough at the time, and it took about one hour to land him  
after being caught.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John McKerracher, 389 Berke-  
ley street, was the scene of one of the prettiest of weddings  
on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 28, when their only  
daughter, Margaret H. Grant, was married to Mr. William G.  
Chace, B.A.Sc. The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated  
with Marguerites, the bride's name flower, ferns and  
palms. The bride was handsomely gowned in white *point  
d'esprit* over white satin, with a berth of rose point lace.  
She wore a long tulle veil with coronet of white heather and  
carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Rev. A. Gandier  
of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church was assisted in  
the ceremony by Rev. A. McGillivray of Bonar Presbyterian  
Church. The bride entered the drawing-room with her  
father, attended by Miss Mabel Armstrong, who wore a dress  
of pink flowered net over white satin, a white lace hat  
trimmed with pink rosebuds, and carried pink roses. Mr. S.  
B. Clement was groomsmen and Mr. Wilbur G. Grant played  
the wedding marches. Mrs. McKerracher wore a handsome  
dress of black veil with white chiffon trimmings. After the  
ceremony refreshments were served in the dining-room, which  
was in charge of Mrs. J. H. Bowen, a cousin of the bride.  
She was assisted by Miss Chace, Miss E. Paterson, Miss A.  
Westman, Miss A. Jackes, Miss M. Bolland, Miss B. Ridley  
and Miss T. Dudley. Mr. and Mrs. Chace left by the 5.30  
train on a trip through the Eastern States. The bride's trav-  
eling dress was of dark blue *colonne*, with Napoleon hat of  
blue and white, and fawn redingote. Among the out-of-town  
guests were Mrs. Chace of St. Catharines, the groom's mother,  
in black *peau de soie*, trimmed with *applique*; Mr. and Mrs.  
J. H. Bowen of Pittsburgh, the Misses Chace of St. Catharines,  
Mr. J. B. Eason of Ottawa, Mr. James Chace, Mrs. Back,

Mrs. Willson of St. Catharines, Miss Willson of Duluth,  
Miss Goodwin of Flint, Mich., and Mrs. E. A. Adams of St.  
Catharines. The list of presents included many choice pieces  
of cut-glass and silver, and some valuable library and dining-  
room furniture.

The following are registered at the Minnicoganashene:  
Miss Turner of Victoria, B.C., Miss Macklem, Miss F. A.  
Jones, Miss A. E. Mason, Miss E. van der Smitten, Mr.  
H. F. C. Jones, Dr. E. C. Ashton and Mrs. Ashton, of  
Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Mullin of Washington, D.C.,  
Mr. J. L. Kimberly, Mrs. Kimberly, Miss Ella and Miss H.  
Kimberly of Buffalo, N.Y.; Mr. L. W. H. Helliwell, Mr.  
Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G.  
Thompson, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Consul of Buffalo, Miss  
M. Neale of New York; Mr. S. Johnston, Miss L. Rolph,  
Dr. and Mrs. H. Walker of Toronto, Lady Blaine and Miss  
Blaine of England; Mr. G. L. B. Mackenzie, Dr. and Mrs.  
F. G. Starr, Mr. C. H. Anderson, Mr. E. M. Playter, Mr.  
G. H. Paterson, Mr. R. D. Langmuir, Miss M. Porteous,  
Mrs. J. C. Fisher, Miss K. M. Powell, of Toronto; Miss  
B. Chillas of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Chillas, Mr.  
E. C. Mackenzie, Miss Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Neale, Miss  
Thomas, Mrs. van der Smitten, of Toronto; Mrs. Papps of  
Hamilton; Miss O'Hara, Dr. Hood, of Toronto; Miss Wal-  
hafter, De Lancy School; Mrs. J. Davidson of New York,  
Mrs. Grantham of Toronto.

One of the prettiest of the rural weddings of the season  
was celebrated at Hillcrest, the home of Mr. William Pend-  
reigh, South Dorchester, when his eldest daughter, Agnes,  
was married to Mr. J. B. McKeague of Chicago. The service,  
at high noon on Tuesday, June 27, took place in the spacious  
parlor, which was tastefully decorated with ferns and roses.  
The knot was tied by Rev. J. W. Rae, of Knox Church, Ayl-  
mer, brother-in-law of the groom, in the presence of about  
sixty guests. Mr. T. E. McKeague of Chicago assisted the  
groom, while Miss Hattie Pendreigh, sister of the bride, grace-  
fully did her part as bridesmaid, little Miss Agnes Rae being  
flower-girl. A special feature of the feast of reason and flow  
of soul that followed the wedding dinner, was the neat speech  
of the groom in response to the toast of "The Bride." With  
showers of rice and good wishes the young couple started on  
their trip through the great cities of the New England States.  
They will be at home to their friends in their pleasant home,  
5820 South Park avenue, Chicago, after August 1.

A correspondent, writing from Oshawa, says: "On Satur-  
day, July 1, a very swell automobile outfit from Toronto  
struck our town. With a view of 'cutting a shine,' it dashed  
around our main corners so fiercely that the momentum of  
the curve caused the door to fly open, when a few bottles  
of beer shot out into the crowd like bullets from a Gatling  
gun. A lady's foot intercepted the opening and her arms so  
suddenly grasped the door as to disappoint many of the young  
men who failed to secure a bottle. If the Ontario Legislature  
would only address a manifesto to the horses of the province,  
informing them of the harmless charge with which the Tor-  
onto automobiles are loaded, it would, I am sure, solve this  
vexed question of frightening the animals."

Among guests recently registered at the Welland, St.  
Catharines, are: Mr. R. Britton, of Gananoque; Sir William  
Howland, Mrs. W. C. Phillips, Mrs. E. W. Heward, Dr. An-  
derson, of Toronto; Mrs. D. Thompson, Mr. M. Shacopsky,  
of Hamilton; Miss N. B. Rogers of Grafton, Ont., Miss A.  
Webster of Sharon, Pa., Mrs. Capel Tilt and daughter, of  
Winnipeg, Mrs. H. S. Tompkins of LaSalle, N.Y., Mrs.  
Hanna of Fort Wayne, Mich., Mr. F. C. Bowman of Lon-  
don, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Marsh of Regina, Mr. G. S. Clark  
of Philadelphia, Rev. E. V. Stevenson of Plainfield, N.J.,  
Mrs. H. L. Ellett and Miss Ellett of Memphis, Mrs. G. C.  
Drane of Frankfort, Ky., Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Marsh, Miss  
F. Foy, of Toronto; Mrs. Dunlop, Mr. F. R. Hopkins, Mrs.  
R. W. Goode, Mrs. C. Stone, Mrs. R. H. M. Hopkins,  
Mr. L. N. Hopkins, Mrs. M. C. Thyn, Miss Thyn, of  
Buffalo; Mr. J. J. Klein, Miss I. Klein, of Cleveland, Ohio;  
Mrs. M. L. Roberts, Miss Morman, Kentucky; Mrs. E. O.  
Bulkley, Mrs. Van Auden, New York.

Mr. W. Goulding and Miss Dorothy have gone to the  
Goulding Island in Lake Rosseau, Muskoka. Miss Dorothy  
will spend the holidays there. Mrs. Akers, nee Goulding, and  
her family have been at the Island for some time.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Ritchie, daughter of Lady  
Ritchie of Ottawa, and Hon. Francis McNachtan, took place  
in St. George's Church, Ottawa, on Thursday, and was a noted  
society event. Miss Ritchie is one of the brightest and most  
popular girls in Ottawa, and Mr. McNachtan will be remem-  
bered by those who saw the Calgary polo team play at Sun-  
light Park last year.

The Commodore of the R. C. Yacht Club was in Brock-  
ville for the races last week and returned via Niagara-on-the-  
Lake. Mrs. Haas came over on Monday and dined at the  
club with a family party Monday evening.

Mrs. Reeves of St. George street sailed for England this  
week.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn went up to Birch Point, his Mus-  
koka place, yesterday. Mrs. Cockburn will go up for the  
summer next week.

Mr. Anderson, who has been spending some weeks in Tor-  
onto, left for England a few days since, via Montreal.

Mr. Eaton, a brother of Captain Eaton, who has many  
Toronto friends, is the newest addition to the coterie of mili-  
tary men at Stanley Barracks. He is attached to the R.C.R.I.

Colonel and Mrs. Hemming are settled in quarters at Stan-  
ley Barracks, but I hear that Mrs. Eaton is going away for  
the hot term and will not receive until the fall.

Captain and Mrs. Kay are still in town at 159 Bloor street  
east, where Mrs. Buchanan is also stopping. Captain Kay is  
under orders for Halifax, and only awaits the sailing of the  
troops now quartered there to go to his post with the Cana-  
dian garrison.

Colonel and Mrs. Pellatt are at their summer place at the  
head of Bathurst street. General Otter is still with them and  
is progressing favorably. The splendid air on Davenport Hill  
is itself the finest sort of tonic.

Mrs. Woolverton of Hamilton sailed for Havre, to attend  
a convention, to-day, from Montreal.

The engagement of Captain J. J. C. Thomson and Miss  
Taylor, daughter of Sir Thomas Taylor, is announced.

Mr. George Tate Blackstock has sailed for England. Mrs.  
Graseth has gone to England. Mrs. Alfred E. Denison sails  
to-day for England. Rev. Robert Sims, Church of the Mes-  
siah, has gone to England.

Mrs. Acton Burrows and her children are summering in  
Prince Edward Island. They have for several years spent  
their summers in that peaceful and healthful "Garden of  
Eden."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox will, as usual, spend some time at  
the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. Keefer is visiting friends in Ottawa and Britannia,  
its summer resort.

Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick is at Closeburn for his vacation,  
which he will probably finish in Muskoka.

Mrs. and Miss Michie are at Preston Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ryan and family of Rosedale are at  
the Royal Muskoka.

Mrs. Sylvester, Miss Adèle and Miss Georgie Sylvester are  
spending some time in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of Beverley House have gone to  
the West Coast.

The Misses Hoskin of Deer Park arrived home from Eng-  
land on Saturday.

Mrs. and Miss King of Grange road are visiting Mr. W.  
Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labor, at Kingsmere,  
Quebec, his country place.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. A. G. Blair, Mr. Hugh Suth-  
erland and Commander Spain were at the King Edward this  
week.

Miss Maisie Tyrrell is spending the holidays at Pictou.  
Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem of Rosedale, and their  
family, Mrs. Charles Fleming and Mr. Acton Fleming, left  
on Thursday for Provost Macklem's island, Georgian Bay.

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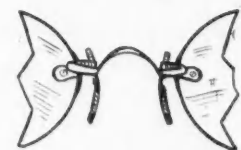
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101 King Street West

## Her Steady.

**P**OEEMS without number have been written, songs good, bad and indifferent have echoed down the centuries, and novels enough to fill a Carnegie library have been printed about the Lotharios and Don Juans of life, but "the steady" is unhonored and unsung. He never appears beyond the comic stage of song or story.

We owe the word, as we do a great many other things, to the Cockney. It is a great city that can provide half the civilized world with its popular songs and much of its slang. The London housemaid has given the world "her steady," and there is a chance of his being adopted, made a member of the family, and taken into good society.

"Her steady" means so much or so little. There is nothing compromising in it, like those foreign importations, "her fiancé," or "her beau," nothing frivolous like "her fellow." There is something undignified about "her follower," and priggish about "her young man." The poverty of the English language is unquestionably relieved by "her steady." It means what it says, even if he finds difficulty in saying what he means. The steady may not be an inspiration to the poet or a mine of copy for the novelist, but he is as much a factor of our civilization as the husband and the father. He is their forerunner.

As the name implies, he is invariably respectable, which accounts to some extent for his omission from the modern novel. There is not a problem in his neighborhood except the adored one. His name is Thomas, Richard or Henry, never Tom, Dick or Harry, and his position is one of recognized dignity. He reaps his reward in a bright glance over a hymn-book in church, in the pressure of a hand on a moonlit verandah, a whispered word from the accompanist between the verses of *A Warrior Bold*, his favorite song, which he carols twice a week in the family parlor under watchful maternal eyes, and at the altar, when *The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden* tells him in joyous notes that the prize for his steadiness has come to him at last.

But *The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden* is not sung for all the steadies of life, by any means. The course of true love doesn't always run smoothly, even if directed by a level-headed young man who doesn't neglect his semi-weekly calls, understands the sentimental value of a discriminating florist, the inspiring effects of the best sweetmeats, and the salutary effects of a theater ticket. The course of true love is not all plain paddling with the stream. Even the placid Humber has its rapids.

There are many well-to-do elderly men in Toronto, the steadies of the sixties, whose love-songs were put out of tune by the jingling spurs of the officers or soldiers of the garrison



"The idiot wouldn't know enough to try in a thousand years."

when the Trent affair caused the borders of Canada to be dotted with British regulars, and whose life-plans were upset by the nodding plumes and reckless swagger of the blue-coated hussars and scarlet-clad infantry men. These old bachelors form an integral part of the anti-military sentiment of the country and object strongly to Sunday parades of even the citizen soldiery on religious grounds. It was a small satisfaction to the jilted steadies of forty years ago that the favorite boy-march of the army, *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, had a peculiar significance when the British regulars marched out of Toronto for ever.

"I remember the time," said a reminiscent old-timer of those days, "when civilians were metaphorically elbowed out of the drawing-rooms of Toronto by the gay young officers of the regiments stationed here. They had the run of the drawing-rooms and their men of the kitchens of a considerable portion of smart Toronto. A steady young civilian—I marked the word steady—hadn't any show below or upstairs in those days."

There was a girl once, and is yet for that matter, who never felt comfortable without a steady. She would wear him around with her as she would her parasol or umbrella or her hand-satchel, and found him convenient. She would have resented the idea of his being placed in the steady class as far as she was concerned, for she didn't understand that there are few essential differences between the classes and the masses, and that the difference is generally superficial and means merely the better dusting and oiling of the machinery of life. And this girl's steady was long-suffering.

He had sung *A Warrior Bold* for three solid years, with an occasional vacation when she experimented with an unattached bank clerk or tried her hand with a rich but wily widower. He had arrived at that time when he placed his florist's and confectioner's accounts under the heading of necessary expenses with his laundry bills and his love for her had become a habit.

She wasn't of an analytical turn, and had never explored the inward recesses of her mind and heart to discover her actual feelings towards the man who was wasting valuable time and his best chest notes in pursuit of something which is just as easy or as hard to shoot on the fly as when roosting on a piano-stool or a back verandah. She discovered them all right.

It was beginning to dawn upon Thomas that while there were certain compensations to be derived from a prolonged courtship, still, being considered a custom or a habit robbed it of much of the requisite romance. He feared that he was getting in the class, the head of the class, with the baker's man and the butcher's boy, as one of those who merely delivered the goods.

A remark made by the housemaid to her elderly friend the cook, which he overheard one morning when exploring a back hall for a monkey-wrench for his wheel, set him thinking. "Mary," said the presiding genius of the kitchen with as severe an expression as a good-natured, round face would permit, as she inspected the visible baker's supply just delivered, "Mary, I just heard you say to that nice, quiet, well-behaved baker's young man that he couldn't kiss you. Now, I hope you meant what you said."

"Indeed I did," and Mary's pretty red lips curled in scorn. "The idiot wouldn't know enough to try in a thousand years." The beginning of that story probably originated in the Garden of Eden or shortly after the gates were closed, but the point of it had never occurred to Thomas until the third year of his courtship. He had proposed decorously and definitely. He hadn't led any storming party, but had let his proposal filter through a more than usually long winter, and by the time the birds were beginning to twitter and the rivers to sing she had given him to understand that all would be well some time or other. Which, in the game of life, was merely an inexpensive backing in the training stage of the best thing in sight.

Thomas was not one of the doubting kind, but he began to doubt the wisdom of the man, to whom a woman was on the programme to love, honor and obey from a certain time, allowing the prospective obedient one to run the band-wagon in the meantime.

He thought it was about time for a particular band-wagon to strike up a wedding march. He was beginning to tire of church music and *Silvery Waves* on the piano, and a knowledge that the family house-dog was beginning to howl when he sang *A Warrior Bold*.

This spring, when young men's fancies were aggressive and elderly men with large bank accounts essayed in portly

fashion to disport themselves for her edification and life looked a dreary waste for Thomas, he put a wet towel around his head one night and did a lot of unaccustomed thinking, wrote a letter to the general manager of the company to which he was devoting the off hours he could spare from the service of the only one, asking that he be given two days to consider the offer to remove him to another sphere of service in the company's employ in the far North-West. He then looked up his bank-book, resurrected a synopsis of house-furnishing and an estimate of a year's expenses of a small but comfortable household, twisted a few roses and honey-suckles over the porch of the dovecot in his mind, mowed the lawn, and went to bed with a determination.

It was early in June, when wedding bells were in the air, and the Humber, the limpid, tree-bordered Humber, was selected as the spot where the steady determined to have settled once and for all whether the dance of two lives should be danced in single or double time. There was little chance of the hundred and one interruptions so easy to the adroit feminine mind when embarrassing questions are asked on the familiar ground of a home drawing-room.

Thomas selected the romantic spot near the old Howland mill, where the view of the hills is inspiring and the ripple of the water over the shallows makes soft accompaniment, and in the gathering gloaming read the itemized account of a prospective year's expenses for two. He then placed a stone on this to prevent the sighs of the rising night wind blowing it away, and read the estimates of a Toronto street architect for a semi-detached cottage. He said the ivy and honeysuckle for the porch could be put in the next year's accounts. And the girl said she had never any idea of figures, and Thomas nearly forgot himself enough, as she gracefully reclined on the boat cushions, to pay her a rather crude, elephantine compliment. She grew coyly evasive when the subject of a wedding day was named, and poutingly angry when reference was made to the attentions of others, and said they must go home.

"One thing more," said Thomas, and there was a look in the steady's face that the girl had never seen before. "I have a letter from the company offering me a good berth with an increased salary in the North-West. If I accept it I shall be located there for years. If I go, it would be unfair not only to ask you to isolate yourself on the Western plains, but also unfair to ask you to remain bound to me in an indefinite engagement. Now, if you will marry me in two weeks I shall remain in Toronto, for my salary is sufficient for comfort. If you will not, I'm off to the West."

The sun slowly sank behind the Humber hills, the night birds began to chirrup, and the sound of a serenade sung by a group of picnickers farther up the river could be heard as the girl sat up, and looked with admiring wonder on "her steady," and then softly said, as her hand stole into his: "My! Tom! What a terrible lot of time you've wasted."

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

## Social and Personal.

Miss Bessie Bonsall returned from New York last Monday, and will remain in Toronto until July 25th, when she leaves for Cumberland, Md. During the festival there she will take part in *The Elijah*, *The Rose Maiden* and *In a Persian Garden*. July 30th she sings in Allenhurst N. Y., and at the Methodist convention, Richfield Springs, August 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jackson, Elgin avenue, left last Thursday for an extensive trip on their Winton touring car, visiting the principal towns and cities throughout Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio, returning by way of Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Mrs. A. M. Ross and Mrs. M. St. G. Hodder of St. Thomas sail on the *Caronia* the eleventh of this month for England.

Among those registered at Hotel del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Lieutenant-Colonel Nattress, M.D., Mrs. William Knowlton, Miss Knowlton, Mr. and Mrs. James Fullerton, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mrs. J. F. Michie, Miss E. Michie, Mrs. F. H. Pearce, Miss Bessie Fraser, Miss Bruce Fraser, Mrs. T. E. Fraser, Miss Agnes Nairn, Mrs. R. O. Baker, Miss Cable, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Maughan, Mr. James Crane, Mr. C. A. Pearson, Mr. E. B. Brown, Dr. Kerland, Miss Kerland, Mr. W. C. Russell, of Toronto.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude E. Bridgland, second daughter of the late Dr. Bridgland, of Bracebridge, to Mr. William Kingsmill, son of the late Judge Kingsmill, of Toronto. The marriage will take place the latter part of August.

On June 28 was celebrated the wedding of Rev. Robert C. McDermid, of Fingal, Ontario, and Miss Frances M. Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hunter of 638 Bathurst street, at whose home the ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Bloor street Presbyterian Church. The marriage took place at six o'clock, in the drawing-room, the bride standing under an arch of palms and ferns. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and looked most attractive, her tall and graceful figure admirably suiting her bridal gown of chiffon over taffeta, with bertha of handsome rose point. She wore the conventional tulle veil and orange blossoms and carried roses and lily of the valley in a shower bouquet. Miss Jessie Hunter, a tall brunette, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, looking very pretty in pink *crepe de soie*, with Cluny lace, and carrying pink roses. The best man was Mr. James McDermid, of Chicago, brother of the groom. Mr. Edmund Hardy played the wedding march. The color tone of this charming wedding was pink and white, and roses were used in decorating the house. Mrs. Hunter received in a black silk gown with ecru lace, relieved with touches of blue, and was assisted by her daughters, Miss Agnes and Miss Georgia Hunter, the former in *bi-que crepe de Chine* with lace bertha and the latter in white accordion silk with high blue garle. The bride and groom left later in the evening for their honeymoon, Mrs. McDermid wearing a *costume de voyage* of blue basket cloth, lace blouse and polo turban. They will reside in Fingal. Mrs. and Miss McDermid, of Fingal, mother and sister of the bridegroom, Mrs. Morrison, Dr. and Mrs. A. S. McGregor, of London, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scriver of Montreal, Mr. R. Henderson of Winnipeg, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Johnston of Winchester, Kentucky, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McDermid, Mr. John McDermid of Duluth, Mr. J. Arthur Callander of Pittsburgh and Mr. David McDermid of Collingwood were some of the out-of-town guests among the three or four score friends present.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Eastwood have gone to the Island for the summer. The handsome matron and her fine-looking daughters are old Islanders and always interested in whatever is going on.

The first Island Aquatic dance was held last night in the club house. I had hoped to record that it was the first in a new pavilion, but like the Yonge street bridge the new pavilion is among the "way offs."

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Boyd have gone to Georgian Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Christie of Montreal are at Mrs. Pearson's, Center Island. Sir William and Lady Meredith are in New Brunswick. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet are at 94 St. George street. Great alterations and improvements are going on in the Worthington house in St. George street, recently purchased by Colonel John I. Davidson. Mr. Irving Cameron and Miss Cameron have gone to England. Mr. Harry Fielding, son of the Minister of Finance, is at Hotel Haultain on a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis are in their summer quarters at Ellesmere House. Mrs. Walter S. Lee is also there with her son, Mr. Cecil Lee.

Mrs. and the Misses Beddoe, Mrs. and the Misses Phillips of Queen's Park, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cooper of Ottawa, are in Muskoka.

General and Mrs. Sandham and Mrs. Turner have arrived at Clovelly, on a visit to Lady Gzowski. They will be in Canada all summer.

Lady Mlock has gone to the family country place at Newmarket, where Sir William is no doubt anxious to join her and enjoy the country air, after so long and tiresome a session in Ottawa.

Mrs. Denison of 52 Carlton street has removed to more commodious premises at 22 Carlton street.



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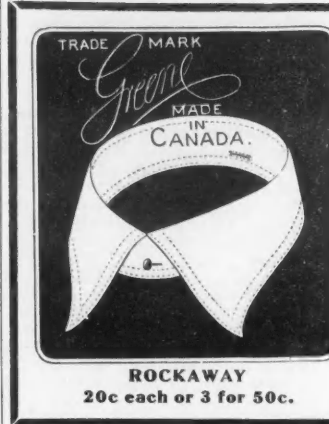
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## The Gloved Hand.

BY MARIE VAN VORST.

I was during the racing week at Trouville last year that I saw and remarked the Marquis de Vesinex-Chabourg. He played next me at baccarat, and the run of the game being heavily in his direction, I turned once or twice, not unnaturally, to observe the winner—a handsome man of about seven-and-forty years of age, with a look of quite the profoundest melancholy I have ever seen on a human face. His appearance and distinction would have been sufficient to seize upon the interest at any time; but I think not so much his personal magnetism as the tragic expression of his countenance—fascinated me, and carried my interest so far as to determine me on the next occasion which offered to make inquiries regarding him.

As late in the evening I started to leave the room, the gentleman did likewise, pocketing his winnings with the same indifference he would have displayed had he lost many times as heavily.

To my surprise, at the top of the staircase we were about to descend together he spoke to me, calling me by name, with an accent, if slightly foreign, nevertheless distinctly good English.

"I am not, I think, mistaken? We were both guests of the Duke of Scatborough's in 189—?"

It did not take me more than a moment to understand that he had confused me with a member of my family. I did not know the Scatboroughs, at whose house my brother was a constant guest. As I explained this and he made his apologies, pleading the deception of strong likenesses, it flashed over me that the name of de Vesinex-Chabourg was familiar. I remembered my brother's enthusiasm over the marquis; and whilst the Frenchman stood, hat in hand, his melancholy face slightly animated with his interest in resuming, as he thought, an old acquaintance, I exclaimed: "I have heard your name, monsieur, and very often that of the Marquis de Vesinex-Chabourg—quite the most beautiful creature, I am told, in two continents."

He drew himself up as though I had struck him; his jaw actually dropped. Then he mastered himself, saying coldly, "She was so considered, I believe."

And he took leave of me with a haste quite out of keeping with his first friendly eagerness.

Conscious that I had been guilty of a stupidity, and both uncomfortable and curious, I did not rest content until I had found someone who could enlighten me regarding the Frenchman.

The same week in my club in Paris I ran against a well-known man of the world who with dangerous accuracy has most of the Parisian scandals in his power to disclose.

"You never took pains to meet the Marquis de Vesinex-Chabourg? And you're, moreover, ignorant of her end?" he asked incredulously. "Where were you in 189—?"

I reflected, and told him that at that time I was in China on a mission regarding the Trans-Chinese Railway, and not as constantly in communication with the civilized world as I could have wished.

"We had, if you remember, a disastrous fire, my dear fellow, at which, to put it prettily, many of the exquisite flowers of France withered."

"Ah, the Bazar de Charité! You don't mean to say the lovely Marquis de Vesinex-Chabourg lost her life there?"

"Mon cher," shrugged my informant, "there were as beautiful women at the Bazar, as treasured, and I daresay as vir-

tuous as she. Let us draw our table over here out of the heat, for the sun is climbing towards us, and be patient until the garçon fetches another cognac; then, if you will listen, you shall hear the most perfectly cruel and unscrupulous play of fate and chance that has fallen under my eyes (eyes, you will admit, not the dullest!). . . . The incident is not common property. I believe I may say I am the only man in Paris, who knows it completely, and if you were anyone but an American I should not tell it to you! If you were not a romantic I should not tell you, and if you ever use it in literature, as you may be tempted to do, disguise the personages."

The Comte de Presles-Vaux is known for the most agreeable raconteur, and our glasses on the table before us, below us the sweep of the Place de la Concorde in the mid-afternoon sun of late August, the struggling, rolling cabs and automobiles forming an undertone, I listened to this thoroughly Parisian narrative.

"This de Vesinex-Chabourg inherits one of the most ancient titles of France, and with it a fortune unusual for nobles at this period. His châteaux are in the hunting country of Saône, and his hotel in the Rue de Grenelle is approached by an inconspicuous door giving entrance to one of the vast gardens still existing in the heart of this rapidly changing Paris."

"It will be easily seen, that about fifteen years ago this young fellow, of magnificent constitution, wide and cultured tastes, and a reputation without reproach (believe me, unique in his class)—represented a *parti* such as is not often found. He had been educated (confined, one might say) in the remotest of his châteaux. Until his father, the old marquis, was ready to send him out into the world, he knew nothing of it whatsoever: unworried and naïf, unsuspicious and pure-minded, he was medieval in his chivalry, with a positive worship for women. De Vesinex-Chabourg imagined them all to be as virtuous as they were desirable."

"His education was taken in charge by a Jesuit priest. He had no young companions; the sophisticated youth of the times was an unknown quantity to him."

"When he reached the age of twenty-one, he was sent abroad on an extended journey with the Abbé de Morle, a man of charm and character and a worldling to his fingers' ends."

"Of his mother the young man knew nothing until he was old enough to suffer under the revelations. She had been chased by her husband from the house when the present marquis was an infant. Her delinquencies had rendered her husband a woman-hater and a misanthrope, and in as far as he could he filled his son's mind with a distrust of the other sex, and gave the clean-minded, credulous youth impressions which only dissipation and the most unfortunate experiences should succeed in impressing upon old age."

"The Abbé de Morle, on his part, eagerly solicited Holy Orders for his charge, so the poor young fellow was between two unnatural flames threatening to wither his youth before it had a chance to flower. But he was neither an ascetic nor a misanthrope by temperament, but a natural-minded, warm-natured young man. One of those beings born to form families, born to be husbands and fathers, he was of the type that the founder of a race should be. After his travels, he returned to Saône with but one idea in his head—to marry. He wished to found a family and spend his fortune in perpetuating the traditions of his honorable house."

"The old marquis, discovering that his educational processes failed to develop either a monk or a cynic, devoted his last hours to furthering matrimonial plans. Very likely his son's heresy was not a complete surprise, for during his absence the father had looked about with curious carelessness for a marriageable young woman."

"He had considered every available *partie* in the *haute société*, without falling upon any *jeune fille* whom he would be willing to see married to his son. Finally he hit upon a singular plan."

"He discovered the child of a poor sculptist. The little thing, having been left an orphan, had fallen into the care of the sisters in the convent close to the chateau village. When young de Vesinex-Chabourg returned, the child was only twelve years old—a melancholy little creature in whose heredity of respectable commonplace goodness *affaires* and intrigues had never borne a picturesque part."

"The old marquis's plan demanded that his son should watch over this education: when the girl reached the age of eighteen he was to marry her out of the convent."

"De Vesinex knew his father to be in the last year of his life, and desired above all things to give him a peaceful end. In France a good son contemplates no plans contrary to his father's wishes, and in the case of this young man the arrangement he found himself confronted with possessed a degree of fascination."

"He saw the sisters, gave them some general directions, and after a few months left behind him his father's grave, all his affairs, and the abbé in charge of the soul of his future wife. He set out for a prolonged tour of the world."

"For seven years he kept religiously away from Chabourg. Then he returned, opened the chateau, gave a series of brilliant hunting parties, and to the astonishment of his friends announced his engagement to a Mademoiselle Pont-Levant—a perfectly unknown lady whom he shortly married."

"The story I have told you became at once common property. There was never any mystery about it; people thought it 'very pretty' and 'very romantic,' but a little ridiculous: one of those things *qui se font pas*—a way we have in the

Faubourg Saint Germain of dismissing that is not in strictly good taste."

"The following year the bridal couple came to Paris, and the marquis declared herself, as your brother will tell you, a marvel of beauty and *esprit*."

(Here I interrupted de Presles-Vaux to recall the impression this woman had made on my brother in the formal society of the English country house where she stopped for a fortnight. She revolutionized, as he said, one's ideas of the modern Frenchwoman. The model of domestic fidelity, irreproachably devoted to her husband, she set an example, as it occurred, to the English matrons by whom she was surrounded.)

De Presles nodded.

"She was a paragon: every man in Paris fell under her spell. Having passed his youth and early manhood in imagining what a woman *should be*, de Vesinex-Chabourg was naturally the most difficult of connoisseurs; but his father's scheme worked to perfection—he had evidently discovered a *rara avis*. He found himself married to a beautiful creature, gentle as a dove, charming as a Circe. They were never seen apart, and their domestic bliss became almost a scandal, because so unusual, and men who envied him most sincerely regarded the marquis with something like scorn."

"I knew him very slightly myself; but I have received the confidence of more than one man who made vain court to his wife; and, old cynic that I am, I was obliged to concede her a virtue I never believed it possible for a woman to maintain against constant siege."

"De Vesinex-Chabourg laid no embargo upon her liberty: she received whom she liked and when; she went out when she liked and where, and no slightest indiscretion ever gave her husband cause for a moment's uneasiness. I never heard of one man who went more often to her salon than another; nor in the twelve years of her married life heard the slightest against her good name and fame. And let me tell you, my dear fellow," said the cynical Parisian, "the circumstance is very rare!"

De Presles lit a cigar, and for some seconds smoked it in silence. Above his head the fringes of the awning fluttered in the hot wind; he took a little sip of his drink, deliberately wiped his mouth with the edge of his napkin and continued:

"You must try to picture, *mon cher*, if you can, the amount of ridiculous happiness and content that fell to the lot of de Vesinex-Chabourg. He was an annoying sight, I dare say, to many a man whose domestic peace was far from resembling that of the marquis's."

"The week of May, 189—, his wife was greatly occupied with her charity sale at the bazar in the Rue Jean Goujon, whither she went every day after lunch, and remained until the last hour of closing. The week before she had been occupied as well, arranging her wares, and holding conferences with the committee; in short, she had not been at home from four to six on any day for two weeks. The marquis very gracefully accepted her absence in the cause of charity, and when on the fatal last day she came in dressed to go to her booth, he said: 'I really cannot spare you another day. Please find someone to take your place and come with me to pass Sunday at Chabourg.' The marquis wore a grey gown Worth had designed especially for this occasion. The people who remembered her at the bazar said she was the handsomest woman in the room, the best dressed, and the most brilliant."

"She sold with the Duchesse d'Argenton, and as she was late in starting she came into the salon where the marquis stood, buttoning her glove, and in her haste she tore one glove the length of her hand. Her maid, rung for, fetched down a box from which her mistress was to choose another pair. The marquis himself selected a pair—not grey, in keeping with her costume, but of pale cream-color. Talking and laughing with her husband, she drew on the gloves, and held out her hand to him, that he might button them—an old-galant habit of his. As he finished the left hand, she said: 'Ah, you have buttoned that wrong! See! You have put the third button in the fourth buttonhole; but I won't change it, for they say *Cela porte bonheur*!'"

"The window of the salon commanded an entire view of the courtyard and garden, and her husband watched her get into her carriage and drive away. At the door of the lodge the carriage stopped, for a messenger had come in, one of the little pages who carried the useful blue telegrams—a word by the post in haste. The marquis leaned out."

### Wanted to Sleep.

Curious That a Tired Preacher Should Have Such Desire.

A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him.

"You will doubtless understand how the suffering with indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unbearable burden, and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight."

"I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced poignant physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me."

"Six months have elapsed since I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and the benefits I have derived from it are very definite. I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on our table. I find that by eating a dish of it after my Sabbath work is done (and I always do so now), my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured. I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on our table—we feel that we need it to complete the meal—and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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took the despatch from the boy, the gate opened, and the carriage drove out.

"About an hour after his wife had gone the marquis was seized with a horrible presentiment of evil. He was superstitious and impressionable, and after gravely fighting against grave anxiety, one of the subtle disturbing influences to which the sensitive and religious are subject, he decided to follow the marquis to the bazar in the Rue Jean Goujon, and drive with her home."

"He at first intended walking, but his impatience grew with every step; and, hailing a fiacre, he gave the address of the Bazar de Charité."

"Half-way up the Champs Elysées the gentleman's attention was attracted by the crowds in the street. A little farther fire-engines and disturbed traffic stopped his cab. He got out, and as he paid his fare the cabby, pointing with his whip, said, 'It is the Bazar de Charité, monsieur, which is on fire, and the other dashed forward like a madman.'

"In a few hundred yards he was fighting his way through crowds that parted at the sight of his face."

"I will not," de Presles interrupted himself—"try to paint for you the horrors of the path through which he fought in order to gain access to within a few hundred yards of the flaming mass. People flying for their lives almost pushed him down. Men, hatless and weeping aloud, wrung their hands like women. Finally he came to a belt of policemen and firemen and people of the streets. A sea of those who, half burned, half on fire, mingling with some fortunate ones sane and sound, struggling to escape, beat against the barrier of the crowd. At the very doorway of the disaster the marquis was pulled back by two policemen, who thrust him without the cordon through which he had slipped unobserved. As he stood, terrorized, his clothing half torn from him, his eyes streaming with tears, his ears ringing with shrieks and cries, a man with a scarred and blackened face put his hand on his arm. In spite of his wet, disordered clothing, de Vesinex-Chabourg recognized him as his own coachman."

"Oh, monsieur," he gasped, 'madame la marquise!—I did what I could. Madame is there!'"

"I got her out, monsieur, but it was too late."

"The marquis fell like one dead amongst the bystanders, who made way for him, and he was carried out of the crowd."

"It was not until late in the afternoon of the following day that he was able to form one of the line of people who passed between rows of gendarmes on the way to the room in the old Palais de l'Industrie where the remains of the dead were arranged for identification. His coachman at his side held him up, for he was too weak to stand; both man and master were in deep black. The servant led de Vesinex-Chabourg to the farther end of the great room. The marquis had not looked to the right or left, but without the slightest recognition, unmoved and rigid, passed the rows of horrors alongside of many of his personal friends, on errands as sad as his own, until he came to the place indicated by the pressure of his servant's hand upon his sleeve. 'It is here, monsieur.'"

"A white cloth completely covered all that the fire had spared of the charming Marquis de Vesinex-Chabourg. Her husband knelt down opposite the body. Great sobs broke from him. In spite of the weeping in the room, for there was much of it, his groans were heard above even the women's grief. Just outside the linen was extended the left hand of his wife. If he had needed proof, it was here before his eyes in most touching perfection. The flames and smoke had left the small, perfectly gloved hand intact by some miracle—by some chance, if you choose to call it that. In a terrible and convincing proof the little hand lay before him, palm upmost, gloved in the pale *suede*, not even discolored or spotted. He even recognized the hasty buttoning as his own. This much of her had been left him, and he lifted the hand to his lips and wept over it like a child."

"The man-servant who had rushed into the flaming bazar at the risk of his life to drag out his mistress could not endure the sight of this grief, and, not daring to leave his master, stood with his back turned, and respectfully shared his distress."

"No doubt the marquis, with the remembrance of his wife as he had seen and known her, would not rack his memory with the sight of what lay beneath that sheet; at all events he only clung to the hand he held, pressing it to his lips over and over again. After a long time the servant ventured to touch him. 'One must not stay longer now, Monsieur le Marquis. Everyone is going. We must leave.'"

"The marquis, his face distorted with grief, stooped over and unfastened the glove. He had no doubt intended to remove it and again feast his eyes on the hand he had adored. As he unfastened the glove and drew it off, he perceived in the palm of the hand a blue bit of paper—the folded telegram—and instantly remembered his wife had stopped the day before to take the message at the door. He drew out the telegram, and (I must confess, strangely enough at that moment) read it through. No doubt it was mechanical on his part: a desire to see what were the last words life had sent the doomed woman, who was even at the moment on the threshold of death."

"The light of the room was obscure—it took the marquis a long while to read. He scrutinized the paper with his tear-blurred eyes. At the second perusal he rose, and, going to the window under which the stretched body of the marquis lay, he read the telegram again; then, after an unaccountable time, he came slowly back to the side of his wife, and remained a few moments staring down on the hidden body. The flush of life had re-colored his cheeks, his tears had dried, the hand of his wife lay as he had let it fall, and the glove by its side."

"Race was strong in de Vesinex-Chabourg, but his nerve was so shattered that he could not be thorough master of himself. Turning to his coachman with quivering lips, he commanded, 'Go outside and wait for me at the door. I

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shall not need you for the present.' But his voice was as firm and as clear as though he had not wept.

"That night the coachman obeyed a summons to go to his master's library and speak with him."

"The marquis, although in his heavy mourning, was a different man from the one whom the domestic had half supported between the lines of dead. He had the appearance of being made out of chalk. He said abruptly to the coachman, 'Lock the door!'"

"The man did so, surprised and curious. To his still greater surprise, the marquis drew from his drawer a loaded revolver, which he cocked, and, pointing at his servant, said: 'You are to answer to me for your life. You drove Madame la Marquise to—bis, Rue de la Borde, before you went to the Bazar de Charité?'"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis."

"How long did you wait there?"

"Only a few minutes."

"You had driven Madame la Marquise to—bis, Rue de la Borde, before?"

"The man hesitated, but the sight of the weapon was too much for him, and he answered, 'Yes, Monsieur le Marquis.'"

"How often?"

"One could not count."

"Twice a week?"

"Yes."

"Every day?"

"In some weeks, yes, Monsieur le Marquis."

"The marquis gave his coachman a pension of ten thousand francs a year for his services, and dismissed him that night."

### A Grateful City.

The four hundred and seventy-sixth anniversary of the freeing of the city of Orleans by Jeanne d'Arc was celebrated last month by Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, who celebrated a solemn mass in the cathedral while the panegyric of the heroine was preached by Mgr. Douais, Bishop of Beauvais. It is worthy of remark that for more than four centuries and a half the city has never omitted the celebration even during the time of the Terror, and for this reason it is called "the city of good memory."

### Curious Marriage Custom.

In Russia every woman of the peasant class marries, or pretends to marry. If a girl comes to the decision that no one intends to ask her to marry she leaves home, goes to some distant district, and returns after a time to announce that she is a widow, that she went away to be married, and that her husband has since died. No embarrassing questions are put to her, for among the peasants it is considered bad form to mention a dead man to his widow.

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## Partners of the Tide.

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, the author of *Cap'n Eri*, has written a second book dealing with the same people and places, *Partners of the Tide*. Written in the same strain and with practically the same types of character, *Partners of the Tide* might prove dull to readers of Mr. Lincoln's former novel, but luckily it is redeemed from all that by the natural, manly characters and the pleasing plot. The story opens when the hero is a small boy, and tells of his battling with fortune and his ultimate success. There is a considerable amount of humor in the book and the characters are chiefly bright and cheerful. The two maiden sisters, *Miss Prissy* and *Miss Tempy*, are charmingly drawn, while the two partners, *Bradley* and *Captain Titcomb*, are two of the nicest people we have read of for some time.

## On the Firing Line.

MISS ANNA CHAPIN RAY and Hamilton Brook Fuller have collaborated with some success in their novel entitled *On the Firing Line*, which is a romance of South Africa. It is a pleasant little story full of love and its accompanying tears and laughter, and although the whole thing is perhaps slightly overdone, yet it possesses a certain amount of atmosphere and color. *Harvard Weldon* is the hero, and we are told that he is a Canadian, and also "six feet one in his stockings, broad-shouldered and without an ounce of extra flesh." With all these attributes much must be expected, in a novel, and *Harvard Weldon* accomplishes much, gaining a much-coveted decoration at the end of the war, and also his heart's delight, the rather fascinating *Ethel Dent*. Of course *On the Firing Line* is not a great book. There is no attempt at literature, but it is readable and sustains the interest from beginning to end.

## A Knot of Blue.

THE historical novel, the detective story, the tale of adventure, may wax or wane in popular favor, but the love story is always as beloved. *A Knot of Blue*, by William R. A. Wilson, this story, the scene of which is laid in Quebec at the time of the French régime, will appeal more to the younger than to the older generation. Certain crudities of style and stiffness of dialogue will be overlooked by the young reader who revels in the adventures of the hero, shudders over the introduction of the supernatural and rejoices openly at the violent death of the villain. The plot, though not strikingly original, is well worked out, and if the characters are not remarkable for their strength, neither are we treated to a parade of "whited sepulchres." One may be tempted to wonder why *Amélie* did not fall in love with *Armand* instead of *Raoul*, but then the bride never marries the best man; if she did, there would be no occasion for the assurance that concludes all love stories, "and they lived happily ever after."

As a source of historical data, the book is of little value. It is just what the author claims, a story of man's fickleness overcome by woman's constancy (with a few duels thrown in). There are many to whom such a theme is always welcome, particularly if accompanied by a happy ending, and by all such readers this book will be received with favor.

## My Lady Clancarty.

MARY IMRAY TAYLOR, the author of *The Cobbler of Nimrod*, etc., has now presented to the world with an historical romance of the time of William of Orange, *My Lady Clancarty*, being the true story of the Earl of Clancarty and Lady Elizabeth Spencer. It is not a particularly attractive book; none of the characters impress themselves very strongly upon the imagination. *Lady Elizabeth Spencer* is the heroine, and it is around her and her husband that the plot is woven. When the story opens her position is rather unique. She says:

"A strange fate is mine, married at eleven and then separated forever from my husband by a gulf as wide as the infinite space; I know no stronger simile. Here am I, the daughter of a Whig peer, who is a counsellor of King William, and the sister of a burning Whig—for Spencer is on fire, I am sure—and yet I am the wife, the wedded wife, of an Irish rebel and Jacobite, an outlaw from his country and a stranger even to me."

Naturally enough *Lady Betty* feels rather annoyed at her position, until a day a stranger appears who attracts her considerably. Vague suspicions of his real identity float across her mind; sometimes she thinks that he is her husband, and then again that he is not; finally she finds out the truth—he is the outlaw Earl of Clancarty, her long-lost husband. By this time she is really in love with him, and therefore treats him rather badly. Then, of course, the usual routine of escapes and imprisonments follows, and finally things turn out as you would wish. The characters are not particularly original and the situations are rather worn; still, to anyone reading an historical novel for the first time *My Lady Clancarty* might appeal quite strongly.

## Mrs. Darrell.

TO such an extent is this a period of specialization that even the literary field has been fenced off to afford individual pasturage for contemporary authors. Everyone

who has read Scott remembers the chapters of descriptive writing which almost invariably preceded the story. But nowadays we get the description in one book by William Brown and the story in another by James Jones. "You pay your money and you take your choice." All of which is probably satisfactory to a generation proverbially short of time. In *Mrs. Darrell*, by Foxcroft Davis, we have a book in which everything, even the story, is subservient to the people. The scene is laid in Washington, chiefly—although we have a fleeting glimpse of life in India, principally of value as enabling the author to relieve himself of some uncomplimentary remarks about English women—and the story gives an interesting account of existing conditions before and after the social overthrow of the genuine Americans, descendants of English stock, by a democratic element composed of retired tradespeople and ranchers.

Mrs. Darrell, who is introduced to us while still *Miss Elizabeth Brandon*, is a pen-picture of the typical "American" girl as conceived by the author. Her father, *General Brandon*, was a Virginian of English descent, and *Elizabeth* combines the refinement of manner and thought inherited from generations of good ancestry with the social freedom which is a special prerogative of the "American" woman. The chief interest of the story lies in the working-out of her love affairs, which in the early part of the book are sadly tangled. Married to one man and in love with another, the divorce court would seem the only solution of the problem. That two people very much in love with each other could live in the same house, meet constantly, and yet maintain purely Platonic relations is somewhat of a strain on the reader's credulity. Yet so Mr. Davis reasons it out, and very cleverly, too. The other characters in the book are well drawn and interesting, the author having an apt way of saying that which many people feel without being able to express. As for instance, "The late Lady Pelham was one of those persons who try to transact business after they are dead and buried." Mr. Davis also seems possessed not only of keen insight into human feelings and motives, but capable of nice distinctions in regard to them, as when he speaks of *Senator Clavering*, ex-sulder and miner, as a man who "knew no morals, and was unmoral rather than immoral."

The obvious faults of the book are such as might easily arise from haste in writing or carelessness, and are most noticeable in the opening chapters. There is one glaring instance towards the end, however, where he says: "Both women regarded each other curiously, meanwhile averting their eyes." As we have previously been given to understand that neither of the ladies mentioned was cross-eyed or endowed with more than the ordinary number of optics, we can only attribute the above gem to a streak of Irish in the author. Taken altogether, however, the book is well worth reading, if only for the sake of the motive running through it, that love is an uplifting, not a debasing, emotion.

## The Poet's Corner.

IF in the ocean of publishers' verse the voyager sights some pleasant harbor unnamed in literary charts, he fears to find himself on closer inspection either deceived by a mirage or overgrateful for small mercies. After being jolted on choppy seas of unmelodious verse, lost amid shoals of archaism, and waylaid by metrical monstrosities, he trembles lest he resign himself an easy victim to the toils of some literary Circe. Just what bearing these remarks have on the volume inscribed with the name of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., can best be explained by the confession that when *A Pageant of Life* came in for review it was invested with all the terrors of the unknown. The word "terrors" is used advisedly, for under such circumstances the sensitive critic may be said to approach a book of alleged poetry with his pen in one hand and his life in the other. It may be Limericks, it may be some other form of doggerel, it may be what is damned with faint praise as "verse," it may be poetry. The last named contingency is almost too remote to be hoped for; and if true, too good to be believed.

In Mr. Bradford's case, however, the terrors were purely imaginary. Even a hasty glance at *A Pageant of Life* is sufficient to kindle the hope that here we have something better than mere "verse," better, even, than "good verse." A more critical reading, instead of dispelling the first enthusiasm, crystallizes it into conviction and justifies in detail the faith which in us lies.

When choosing the sonnet as his most frequent form of expression, Mr. Bradford may not have been aware that he was playing with fire. The sonnet, like the violin, is an instrument for a master and responds musically only to the skilled touch and the peculiar temperament. By the arbitrary nature of its structure, it demands concentration—a concentration which in its highest development eliminates from the theme all that is extraneous, while omitting nothing that is essential. Hence one of the chief dangers of the sonneteer is a tendency towards literary tight-lacing, which permits his thought to be cramped and conventionalized by its structural clothing.

In Mr. Bradford's sonnets there is neither stiffness nor lack of proportion; on the contrary, one of the most artistic qualities of his work lies in the completeness with which he has caught and pictured the spirit of widely varying periods of the world's history. His *Pageant of Life* is what its name implies, and the ghosts of half-forgotten

centuries, re-embodied by his imagination, stand before us in the light and shade of a Rembrandt portrait. We wander in the garden where Epicurus dreamed and loved; follow Alexander's teeming armies till

"Consumed by Eastern vice and Eastern dreams, They rotted in the quiet Asian clime." Even Julian the Apostate, hurrying in the teeth of the higher critics of his day taunt, "Keep your old gods and let your own lives mend," makes some claim on our sympathy as he stands revealed in a new light.

Very delicately drawn is *The Troubadour*, troling his care-free philosophy of life:

"With lute and sword I wander all day long  
Through quiet lanes and over sunny slopes;  
Nor envy I the weary mole who gropes  
In cities close, though gold to him be long.  
Who has no end to reach can scarce go wrong;  
The poor with neither thief nor beggar copes.  
I have no other kingdom than my hopes;  
I have no other riches than my song.

"My song which I love more than even love,  
Though love be all the matter that I sing.  
Ah, when on moonlit eves I cease to rove  
And bid my passion in my notes take wing,  
It seems as if the very heaven above  
Were set on fire with my carolling."

And so the varied procession passes on: poets, philosophers, painters, statesmen; until at last we reach *Democracy*, the most modern member of the group—one to which Chicago strikes and Russian anarchy lend peculiar significance.

"For ages in a sluggish doze he lay,  
While kings and priests careered upon his back.  
They stirred his dreams with steel and flame and rack;  
But still he slept and snored the time away.  
At length he turned and felt the warmth of day,  
And reared, and plunged, and learned the cruel knack  
Of blood, till purple kings and prelates black  
Found he could smite and stab, as well as they.

"Now he sprawls free, and shakes his mighty limbs,  
Till palaces and temples rock and strain;  
Combs back the dirty, matted hair, which dims  
His blinking eyes, and chants, with might and main,  
In penny-sheets, self-laudatory hymns—  
Monster, with arms, legs, belly, and no brain."

Noticeable among the characteristics of Mr. Bradford's sonnets is the skill with which he adapts sound to sense. Through the song of the Troubadour, already quoted, runs the lilt of the lute, the impulsiveness of the care-free minstrel and the freedom of the road. If occasionally in this group of poems we miss the majesty of the older sonneteer, we have at all times melodious rhythm, graceful expression, and a poetic insight into human motives, which promise for Mr. Bradford a future of high achievement.

INTERLUDES, by Philip Becker Goetz, comprises a collection of more or less successful experiments in metre, ranging in form from the sonnet to the lyric. His songs are noticeable for daintiness and melody. Of his quatrains, *The Pianist* is a good example:

"The master said he played for us  
Of the marvelous twelve, eleven;  
The one he played for himself I know,  
For I saw the glory of heaven."

N TANTALUS Mr. W. J. Henderson has taken one of the marbles of Greek mythology, breathed into it the breath of life, and given it the voice of all humanity. To the poetry of the ancient Greek conception he has added the spiritual element of the conflict between soul and body. His poem adds something to the long list of classical studies and is characterized by a dignity and felicity of expression suited to the subject. In point of metrical smoothness, *Tantalus* surpasses some of its companion poems in the group entitled *Pipes and Timbrels*, but throughout the volume is scattered verse which appeals alike to the ear and to the imagination.

THE poem which gives its name to the group entitled *The Harcom*, by Aloysius Coll, will not commend itself to many readers for whom this author's work generally possesses an attraction. Aloysius Coll is already known to the public as a writer of magazine verse, and indeed most of the members of this collection have previously appeared in popular periodicals. None of the poems in *The Harcom* could be termed profound, but most of them are pleasing and possess those elements of human interest which appeal to the average reader.

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is a beautiful polisher, absolutely free from grit and acid. Are you using it? You ought to be. Ask your dentist.

## A Woman in an English Prison.

RAMPANT sensationalism is the keynote of so many convict autobiographies that in nine cases out of ten their suppression would be in the public interest, and the reviewer who passes them over in silence does both literature and morality a genuine service. It is rather a surprise, therefore, to find that *Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story* is not solely dependent for interest on the fact that its author was the central figure in one of the greatest criminal trials of this generation. Though almost one-half of the book is devoted to an analysis of the Maybrick case, the other half affords the reader a very complete idea of what existence in an English convict prison means to a woman of cultivated tastes.

Her initiation into convict life begins with the donning of the prison uniform and the shearing of her hair; after which, her weight and height having been noted, the prisoner under life sentence is conducted to her cell and enters upon a term of solitary confinement. Fifteen years ago this first stage of imprisonment extended over a period of nine months, but it has since been reduced to four months for women and six for men. The environment in which this time is spent Mrs. Maybrick describes as a first glance revealed it to her:

"Through the open door I saw, by the dim light of a small window that was never cleaned, a cell seven feet by four. 'Oh, don't put me in there!' I cried. 'I can not bear it!'

"For answer the warder took me roughly by the shoulder, gave me a push, and shut the door. There was nothing to sit upon but the cold slate floor. I sank to my knees. I felt suffocated. It seemed that the walls were drawing nearer and nearer together, and presently the life would be crushed out of me. I sprang to my feet and beat wildly with my hands against the door. 'For God's sake let me out! Let me out!' But my voice could not penetrate that massive barrier, and exhausted I sank once more to the floor. I can not recall those nine months of solitary confinement without a feeling of horror. My cell contained only a hammock rolled up in a corner, and three shelves let into the wall—no table nor stool. For a seat I was compelled to place my bedclothes on the floor."

The daily routine begins at six o'clock. "I arise and dress in the dark; I put up my hammock and wait for breakfast. I hear the ward officer in the gallery outside. I take a tin plate and a tin mug in my hands and stand before the cell door. Presently the door opens; a brown, whole-meal, six-ounce loaf is placed upon the plate; the tin mug is taken, and three-quarters of a pint of gruel is measured in my presence, when the mug is handed back in silence, and the door is closed and locked. After I have taken a few mouthfuls of bread I begin to scrub my cell. A bell rings and my door is again unlocked. No word is spoken, because I know exactly what to do. I leave my cell and fall into single file, three paces in the rear of my nearest fellow convict. All of us are alike in knowing what we have to do, and we march away silently to Divine service. . . . To me the twenty minutes of its duration were as an oasis in a weary desert. When it came to an end I felt comforted, and always a little more resigned to my fate. Chapel over, I returned directly to my cell, for I was in solitary confinement, and might not enjoy the privilege of working in company with my prison companions. . . . Needlework and knitting fall to my lot. My task for the day is handed to me, and I sit in my cell plying my needle, with the consciousness that I must not indulge in an idle moment, for an unaccomplished task means loss of marks, and loss of marks means loss of letters and visits. As chapel begins at 8.30 I am back in my cell soon after nine, and the requirement is that I shall make one shirt a day—certainly not less than five shirts a week. If I am obstinate or indolent, I shall be reported by the ward officer, and be brought to book with punishment—perhaps reduced to a diet of bread and water and total confinement in

## Sire to Son.

Boy Can Sometimes Learn From His Father.

When you catch them young enough, you can usually make your sons profit by your own experience. A lady tells how her son was made to profit by what his father had learned:

"My husband was always fond of coffee, and after his business took him frequently into a German community he drank it more, with the result that his kidneys became affected, and he suffered greatly with pains and despondency, till, as he says, 'coffee nearly killed me.' So he stopped using it, and began to drink Postum Coffee. It cured him; and in a very short time his kidneys resumed their normal functions, his pains were allayed, and the despondency which had nearly driven him crazy ceased to trouble him."

"My little boy, a year old, had suffered ever since he was weaned, from stomach and bowel troubles. He could not properly digest the milk he drank. It passed out of his bowels in hard lumps, sometimes large and again like small pellets, frequently producing diarrhea, and then we would have to call in the doctor. But the trouble returned, again and again."

"We used to give him a taste of Postum Coffee occasionally, and as I saw that he relished it and realized how much good it had done his father, I began to put a little in his bottle of milk. The effect was so salutary that I gradually increased the quantity, till at last I used only enough milk to give it color. He thrived wonderfully on it. He is over two years old now, and his digestion is all right. Postum has made him uncommonly large and strong and healthy. I gave him a bottle full four times a day." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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my cell for twenty-four hours. If I am faint, weak, or unwell, I may be excused the full performance of my task; but there must be no doubt of my inability. In such case it is for me to have my name entered for the prison doctor, and obtain from him the indulgence that will remit a portion of my prescribed work to three or four shirts.

"Then comes ten o'clock, and with it the governor with his escort. He inspects each cell, and if all is not as it should be, the prisoner will hear of it. There is no friendly greeting of 'Good morning' nor parting 'Good night' within those gloomy walls. The tone is formal and the governor says: 'How are you, Maybrick? Any complaints? Do you want anything?' and then he passes on. . . . With the coming and the going of the governor the monotony returns to stagnation."

Presently, however, the prison bell rings again—a signal for the daily exercise. The cell doors are unlocked, and when the prisoners have formed in single file three paces apart the procession, marshalled by a ward officer, moves off to a stone-paved courtyard. Here, rain or shine, the monotonous tramp is maintained for an hour; then follows a return to work.

At noon the midday meal is served by a fatigue party of prisoners under the supervision of an official. The meal of each prisoner is served out by weight, the recipient being even entitled to set it weighed if she so desires. When the food has been handed in to the cell and the door double-locked, the prisoner is free to work or read until two o'clock, at which hour the dinner-cans are collected. Work is then resumed, and is continued until five o'clock gives the signal for half an hour's respite, during which bread and gruel are served. At seven o'clock work ceases for the day, a guard goes the round to see that all is well, and the prison settles down for the night.

By all grades of convicts, and especially by those undergoing solitary confinement, the deadly monotony of prison existence is much more dreaded than hard labor. During the four months of probation as well as during the preceding months of solitary confinement, the rule of silence is rigidly enforced, and the newly arrived inmate is allowed not a single word of intercourse with her fellow prisoners. The routine of the second period is exactly the same as that of the first, but the probationer is allowed a much larger and less meagrely equipped cell than that in which she passed her initiatory months.

It is not surprising to find that after eight months' isolation the prisoner looks forward almost eagerly to the period of hard labor. Her daily routine is now altered: the bell for rising rings at six o'clock, the cells are set in order, and at six-thirty three women from each ward go down to the kitchen to fetch the cans of tea and loaves of white bread, which constitute the breakfast, served at seven o'clock. Ten minutes to eight finds each woman at her cell door, Bible, prayer-book and hymn-book in hand, ready to fall in line for "Chapel."

"After a service of twenty minutes the prisoners file back to their cells, place their books on the lower shelf, and with a drab cape and a white straw hat stand in readiness for the next order, 'To your doors.' This given, they descend into the hall and pass out to their respective places of work. . . . The work for first offenders, who are called the 'star class,' consists of labor in the kitchen, the mess and the officers' quarters." What these duties involve is best described in Mrs. Maybrick's own words:

"Six months after I entered upon the third stage I was put to work in the kitchen. My duties were as follows: To wash ten cans, each holding four quarts; to scrub one table, twenty feet in length; two dressers, twelve feet in length; to wash five hundred dinner-tins; to clean knives; to wash a sack of potatoes; to assist in serving the dinners, and to scrub a piece of floor twenty by ten feet. Besides myself there were eight other women on hard labor in the kitchen. Our day commenced at 6 a.m. and continued until 5.30 p.m. A half-hour at breakfast time, twenty minutes at chapel, one hour and a half after the midday meal, and half an hour after tea

summed up our leisure. The work was hard and rough. The combined heat of the coppers, the stove, and the steamers was overpowering, especially on hot summer days; but I struggled on, doing this work preferably to some other, because the kitchen was the only place where the monotony of prison life was broken. It was the 'show place,' and all visitors looked in to see the food."

Prison fare, while wholesome, is, as might be expected, rather monotonous. At Aylesbury, Mrs. Maybrick's last place of detention, breakfast consists of tea and white bread. Dinner on four days in the week includes bread, three-quarters of a pound of potatoes and three ounces of beef or mutton and its own liquor, seasoned with pepper and onions, and thickened with bread, potatoes and flour. On Saturday one pint of soup is substituted for the meat, and on Thursday three-quarters of a pound of pudding replaces the beef or mutton. Sunday's dinner consists of bread and four ounces of timed pressed beef. Bread and a pint of gruel prepared from oatmeal, molasses and milk are the superlatives of each convict. Certain extras are allowed those engaged in hard labor.

Relief from the stagnation of prison existence is provided those who can and will read, by the privileges of an excellent library. Then, too, some connection with the outside world is retained through the medium of letters and visits from friends of whom the authorities approve. Visits, provisional upon good conduct, are permitted at intervals of from two to six months, according to the stage reached by the prisoner. The interview lasts for thirty minutes, and takes place in the presence of a guard, who seats herself in the space between the two grille works which separate those who are conversing. No reference is permitted to anything connected in the slightest degree with prison affairs. Similar rules govern the intervals at which letters may be received, and it is distinctly understood that public events must not form the topic of either conversation or correspondence. All letters are read by the authorities, and any violation of rules is followed by a temporary withdrawal of privileges.

In a general way the prisoner's conduct affects not only the length of her period of detention, but also the nature of her treatment in the penal institution. A life sentence is usually considered equivalent to twenty years' imprisonment, which may by good conduct be reduced to fifteen years. Towards the end of a long sentence the prisoner who has shown herself amenable to discipline is given the lightest and most interesting tasks of the daily routine, as, for instance, tidying the garden or assisting in the library.

To a prisoner of the better class the heaviest part of her punishment lies in the nerve-racking, brain-destroying monotony of the penal régime, and in the absence of anything that contributes to the charm and grace of life. The fact that insanity is said to be seven times as frequent amongst convicts as amongst other sections of the population is a significant comment on this feature of prison life. At the same time it is hard to see how such a state of affairs can be entirely remedied for unless penal institutions are made obnoxious to even the lowest classes of criminals they can have no deterrent influence on crime, and it is even conceivable that certain orders of society might be more anxious to break in than to break out.

L. M. M.

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## Lady Gay's Column

**S**UCH a funny experience has filled up two holidays since last I wrote this column, a breathless and strenuous bit of work, and the Sky Parlor is no more! I should, were I not far away by this time, find myself frequently wandering up the many steps and feeling for an out-of-date latch-key, which would be no joke and provocative rather of profanity than hilarity this hot weather. It was decidedly an overwhelming impulse, or kismet, the thing that comes to the one who doesn't plan to-morrow, having learned by several hard knocks that the to-morrow one plans never comes. At all events it resulted, this impulse, in an earthquake, a cataclysm, the like of which this deponent hath never previously experienced. For in and about the Sky Parlor has grown a hoard of treasures, generous gifts, or precious souvenirs, until it was at times inconveniently crowded. One was apt, on entry in dark evenings, to stub one's foot against a whale's ear, that dejected-looking article, white, ivory-hard and weighing several pounds, being used as a prop to keep a door wide open or ajar. One might collide with a palm, or poke one's nose into a beaded portiere, while as for small chairs and large, china plates and bowls, and every known sort of picture in every imaginable make of frame, tall screens and short ones, a wicker rocker of the year one (my year one) and a "creaky" chair that is one's latest treasure—fancy to yourself what it was to live on good terms with them, without collisions, and then go into a trance and imagine the audacity of trying to move the lot. I have always found my belongings possessed of marked individuality, but it became fiendish cleverness on Dominion Day, when, above all days, they might have made up their contrary minds to behave well. No Boer ever ambushed with the ingenuity of the tack-hammer. Even the scissors and spectacles may take a back seat, since the tack-hammer has shown its form. One minute it was in the coffee-urn, the next it had slipped down into a tiny crevice, which waited to be stuffed, in the box of books. I routed it from behind the bed, and fished it out of a bonnet-box. It was discovered in the bath, and sworn at on the top ledge of the window. It fell from step-ladders and slid down mattresses. It had the time of its life, its hard head being utterly turned by the vogue into which it had leaped. Next after the tack-hammer were the various keys of a dozen trunks and boxes, which simply played I-spy the entire day, the keys of bureaux changing rings with the keys of davenport or ice-boxes. Even the piano key had a date with the key of a certain bewitched hat-box, and we never got either at the right time or place. Then, as if this were not enough to reduce one to ashes, there was the deciding what to take and what to leave behind. The anxious recalling of sizes of rooms to be and rooms being, the rings of hapless persons on the telephone who were snapped up and bitten off before they knew where they were, the weird scramble for lunch, when none could eat for laughter when the best efforts of a hospitable but curtailed and un-ended ménage resulted in a table service suggesting the *Lunatic at Large*. Individual plates, largely contributions at Christmas to support the best mince pies ever baked or eaten, one cup (borrowed), one handleless mug, one granite mug, and so through the whole list. The lunch was good, as should be the last cooked in the five-foot-six kitchen; but oh! the coiffures of the three "movers" who ate it. Everyone had a smudge somewhere, preferably on the nose; everyone sank into odd chairs with sighs of fatigue, and then proceeded to demolish a big luncheon with the hunger born of cheerful hard work.

A trio of amiable brigands in a huge machine like a circus wagon arrived in due course and for six hours did their own sweet will on the astounded Lanes and Penates. It is a complete and fascinating study to watch the brigands at their play. A judicious tip now and then results in a good deal of exuberance and much grunting over weight and weather. It was good for us that we were not rich, for money seemed to naturally migrate from our pockets to those of the cheerful brigands. When, finally, at nine o'clock at night, they lined up supercilious, reeking, dusty and begrimed beyond description, the last dollar came out with a fervent exhortation to go and get their food immediately. The bill was big and the "morning after" gives food for self-discipline, but hoot, mon! one doesn't move every day, and it was worth a dollar to see Hercules trot up steps with huge trunks and boxes, and Simon Slim trot after him, slyly carrying one pair of curtains!

And it's good-by to the dust and the smoke of the city, the click of hoofs on asphalt, the reek of chimneys flavored with dinner of Israelite or Teuton, the voices of the night, the throbbing of half-subdued vagrant impulses to license or crime which always vibrate in the air of the downtown district and grieve and vex the soul of him or her who is sensitive to atmosphere. And welcome to the green of trees outside one's window, the lush sweet air of high lands, the homelike house and the gentle, wise little housekeeper, old friend and true. There is bound to be a cosy spot for a friend in the new "digs," and many old-time gods sit on their thrones there; the "possessed" trunk and the soft cushions in the corner, the pictures and the gifts will in due time get their proper places, though at time of writing they are stolidly piled as the brigands left them, mostly upside down, looking as rakish a lot as ever celebrated Independence Day, and I fell over the tack-hammer when I hopped out of bed, or rather scrambled off the couch on which I spent the night, because, of course, the brigands had taken my own best mattress



ALWAYS BUSY.—Life.

"just to fill in" a half-packed case of books!

Ah! well, all said and done, there's a good deal of fun even in moving, especially when, no matter how exhausted one may be, there's twelve idle, restful, blessed days awaiting one upon Father Ocean's breast. A slow ship, my hearties, upon which no up-to-date Marconi man dare set his disturbing foot; a captain tried and trim, and weirdly hovering over me as I write; the unknown room-mate, who has pledged the agent not to tell me her name! Even she may turn out a blessing—they often do; and so good-by for a little while to you to whom "Lady Gay" owes so much of the kind and encouraging words which make the brightness of the journalist's workaday world. Should the gobbles get any of us, let our last sentence be pleasant at all events, so "God bless us every one!"

### The Interview as a New Literary Form.

**T**HE possibilities of the "interview" as a literary form have so far impressed Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, a New York author and journalist, that he writes an article urging the development of this feature of the newspaper. He points out that "practically the whole of the newspaper is based on the interview," since "reporters get their facts by asking questions, and editorial opinions are, as a rule, the written ideas of the public, and he proceeds to ask: "Why not carry on the method outside of the newspaper, until the interview is developed into the autobiography, but into the autobiography of an unconventional kind?" Continuing, he says (*The Bookman*, June): "Some years ago, when I was an interviewer for a newspaper, it occurred to me that, on the basis of the interview, a form of real literature might be elaborated. I saw that, for the most part, our novelists and story-writers were pinning their faith to old themes and plots and that playwrights were habitually using as the material of their dramas historical or romantic matter of which they had no personal experience. "Why should not these talented men, I said to myself, go directly to the lives of the people? Why not interview men and women, get their points of view, discover their stories and then tell them in print? Instead of artificially constructing a plot, why not look for a real tale? Instead of imagining a character, why not go forth and discover one? And when an expressive personality is discovered, why should not the writer find plenty of use for his sympathy and imagination in understanding and reconstructing this expressive personality?"

"The expressive individual should not only be interesting in himself, but should also represent a class. If he be thoroughly identified with some social milieu, his story cannot be well told without involving that milieu. In the process of tracing his life, the ideals and habits of his class would be shown. A section of life would thus be portrayed and a human story told at the same time. "Following out the interview idea, the form would be that of the autobiography. The accent of the selected individual must be caught, his very language used. The skill of the interviewer would consist in obtaining the facts, and the tact and understanding of the artist would be employed in taking only what fits into the picture and in rejecting what is untypical and superfluous. So that the author must be both interviewer and literary artist."

Some experiments in this direction have already been made, avers Mr. Hapgood. He is convinced that the living counterpart of *Moll Flanders* existed and told her story to Daniel Defoe, and he adds: "I am even inclined to think that Defoe obtained the story of *Robinson Crusoe* from one of the old sailors he met as his journalistic activities led him to wander about the London docks and public houses." George Borrow, of *Lavengro* fame, is also declared to have been partial to this literary method. If American writers would follow the example of these illustrious predecessors, says Mr. Hapgood, our literature would become "more vital and more expressive of our nation's life."

### Edible Seaweed.

It is not a little astonishing to find what a number of seaweeds are really edible and nourishing. Perhaps the best-known example in this country is laver, which is a kind of stew made from a weed, an alga. The laver made on the Devonshire coast and to be found in some London shops is excellent.—*The Lancet*.

### The Legion of Frontiersmen: An Olympian Revival.

**A** FEW months ago the Legion of Frontiersmen represented to one or two men a vague patriotic ideal. The plan was to gather in from all wild tracts explorers and men with expert knowledge of pioneer work to form an auxiliary corps of guides. This body was to be distinctly civilian and self-supporting, but ready to serve, under military authority of course, in time of war. It may be confidently said that no War Office has yet been offered the services of such an expert corps, an intelligence branch whose composite experience covers the least known frontiers of the world and at the same time a company of hard-bitten men with practical training in every phase of pioneer work. That was the germ of the idea, the beginnings of which were vaguely indicated by a London evening paper in the announcement that "Mr. Roger Pocock, the famous novelist, intends forming a club in London to be the meeting place of frontiersmen, whalers, sealers, missionaries and cowboys."

Out of these incoherent beginnings great things are growing. Four months ago the ideal seemed too visionary for realization. Without strong backing the organizing difficulties seemed insurmountable. There was fear of a deadlock; the rocks of officialdom loomed ominous. To-day we have an empire-wide club of men of the open air, linked together for imperial defence.

At camps of exercise there will be no loose riderless horses as at Okehampton, where, on the arrival of a certain corps, twenty or more mounts unseated their riders, stout-hearted, untrained fellows who threw over a sedentary life with the best intentions of serving their country. To the Legion men come ready equipped. England and the colonies are crowded with the right kind, men unamenable to red-tape and pipe-clay, but keen enough on the real thing and the right kind of preparation for it. These men—Englishmen, Canadians, Australians, explorers, travelers, engineers, prospectors, hunters, ranchmen—hate discipline in time of peace. And naturally. They have led the freest life in the open air, are self-reliant and impatient of stiff posturings and the drill-book. Drill, with its minutiae, is good and necessary for the right material. Frontiersmen can do without it. It is doubtful, says Mr. Pocock, if army instructors could teach a Queensland axeman how to wreck a bridge, or a frontier scout how to decipher a spear.

The Legion in its earliest inception—and that was no longer ago than Christmas—attracted great names, and these were no mere figureheads, but men of action belonging to that class of Englishmen who, with the greatest abundance of good things at home, are happiest in the wilderness with a stout horse and a rifle. There was something romantic and chivalrous in the idea and its promoter. To homecoming frontiersmen after a long spell in the wilds the country seems to be ailing; the daily press, which is really a fairly accurate reflection of the popular visage, seems distorted with a dozen different kinds of vulgarity; no one seems to care for anything but rapid gain, class-gossip and self-advertisement; one man's pink pills and another's social importance are flaunted with equal insistence. All this is most obvious to folk who have been abroad some years, and can trace at a glance the growth of the disease. Not that home-staying folk are blind to it. "Ideals are dead with us," said one apropos of Japan. "Perhaps out there in — you feel differently. One has to leave England to love it. At home I can't imagine anyone wishing to die for the country as it is; yet only two hundred years ago, etc." All ran perhaps, but it held the essence of truth and the whole of sincerity.

The growth of the Legion was welcomed by men who knew best as a healthy sign in the body politic. Lord Londsdale, the president, is an old frontiersman. His expedition from Prince Patrick Island to the Pacific or through Central Alaska was the first crossing of Arctic North America; and as an explorer, hunter, M.F.H. and colonel of Yeomanry, he is the natural leader of the Legion. Lord Chesham, Lord Onslow, Lord Meath are other members of the Upper House on the organizing committee. The navy is represented by Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who brought the big guns to the Tugela; the army by Generals Sir John French, Sir Reginald Hart, Sir Edward Hutton, Frederick Maurice, Frederick Rimington, Lord William Seymour, Colonel Sir Percy Girouard, etc.; the colonies by Sir Al-

bert Hime and Sir Gilbert Parker; and the latest recruit is Prince Louis of Battenberg.

Since the inaugural dinner given by Lord Londsdale on April to the League has assumed great dimensions. It is still essentially a body of experts, pioneers, guides, scouts, etc., who can only gain official recognition by proof of efficiency. In time of peace the Legion will be self-supporting, but on active service the State will find it worth while to grant the members the full status of soldiers, with all rights of soldiers to honors and pensions. Of the whole body only a fraction, of course, can hope to see active service, unless in the case of invasion or some great European upheaval. And this brings us to the scheme of selection for the first call to war.

It all hangs on sports—that is, on games that afford a useful training for war: loading a pack-horse, rough riding, rough driving, roping, and sports of the stock range, drilling a foot of rock, cutting a log, jiu-jitsu, etc. The scheme is very simple. It is admirably adapted for the selection of the fittest, and offers at the same time an immediate *raison d'être* to the most remote districts of the organization. Local teams—four men and a leader will form a team anywhere—will compete for the district championship. The champion teams will then be helped to attend the region sports held in such cities as Sydney, Winnipeg and Johannesburg. The champions in the region contests will meet in the great Pan-Asian games, held every third year in London. The Empire champion teams will have a first call in the event of war. Thus the scheme offers an incentive to a vast number of members whose subscriptions, added to the gate-money, will provide prizes and transport expenses to the winning teams who will compete in the Pan-Asian games. The brotherhood, it is hoped, will include 25,000 members. It is an Olympian revival.

In war a Legion squadron will be led by guides who know the seat of war, and will consist of scouts to watch the enemy, raiders with a gait that may even reach a hundred miles a day, as in Kit Carson's ride on the Californian coast, to destroy the enemy's lines of communications, and pioneers for dynamiting, rough haulage, rough driving, and other difficult work under fire.

The schemes of all good patriots must have their practical and their visionary side. A strong blend of these opposite tendencies ensures a far reach for success, a firm grasp of it when held. Visionaries the original frontiersmen are certain to be called; but the extremely practical spirit of the leaders is evident in the plans drafted by the organizing committee. Take, for instance, the scheme for pack transport and the remount herd. The system is evolved out of the experience of veterans in every trade of the frontier, and promises a mobility which has not been equalled in war. Each man is to have no fewer than four animals for his exclusive use. The ponies of the squadron will be thrown into a herd and men will be detached as herders under a herd-master. Away from the squadron base the pack-horses displace wheeled transport altogether, and enable units to keep a steady gait of fifty miles a day in an average country, provided there are remounts to fall back on. It was lack of remounts and pack transport in the South African war that kept the best regiments of horse tied to the wheels of an ox-train.

In the beginning the Legion was planned solely to bring this system into action. But other aims and spheres of utility have opened out at the instance of men of such widely diversified experience as are the members of the committee. The plans are necessarily still somewhat inchoate. But, take them as you will, whether they are to obtain full or only partial fruition, they stand for an ideal. They represent a wave of unprompted patriotism at a moment when there is no national emergency, and when general tendencies seem increasingly individualistic and mercenary.—*The Outlook* (Eng.)

### Evidences of Prosperity.

Striking evidences of increased prosperity in Canada are found in the nature of the goods sold in the leading stores. Where formerly cheapness was the recommendation, merchants state they now find a growing demand for the highest quality, and that Canadians are willing to pay for it. Garrick Smoking Tobacco, for instance, which is Lambert & Butler's best, commands a ready sale. "Garrick" is the finest pipe tobacco made. Seventy-five cents per quarter-pound tin of all first class tobaccoists.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Connects with all departments) Main 1700

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United States, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$1 00  
Six Months..... 1 00  
Three Months..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.  
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

Vol. 18. TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 8, 1905. No. 35.

### To Subscribers.

Changes of address should reach this office by Thursday afternoon. SATURDAY NIGHT goes to British addresses without extra postage.

City subscribers should receive their copies not later than Saturday noon. Any failure to deliver or irregularity if reported will prevent a repetition of the occurrence. SATURDAY NIGHT is on sale on all trains, steamers, and at summer resorts. If for any reason readers cannot obtain SATURDAY NIGHT at any time or place the publishers will appreciate it if the facts are reported.

### The Sunday School Picnic.

THE longest day in 1905 has come and gone, the playful shouts of the dear little children released for two golden months from school have echoed through the streets of Toronto the Good, and the Sunday School Picnic has set in with unusual severity. There is the political picnic, where perspiring orators tell just how they got in or explain why they were left out to party followers who are peacefully slumbering after the heavy joys of ham sandwiches, berry pie and doughnuts. There is the fraternal picnic, where Masons, Oddfellows, Foresters and other benevolent gentlemen meet and discuss the noble aims of their order to the accompaniment of cheering and cherried beverages. But the picnic that lingers longest in the memory of every Canadian worthy of the land of his birth is that held by the "officers, teachers and scholars" of the Sunday school.

During the month of June the attendance at the sessions of the Sunday school increases marvelously, and the teacher who has not grown grey in the service wonders at the manner in which the boys and girls bring in the neighbors and urge their respectful attention to the Golden Text. The superintendent is encouraged by the improvement in the behavior of the very worst boys in Miss Smith's class, who actually rouse to an interest in the musical exercises and vigorously join in singing *Some Day the Silver Chord Will Break or Sweet Hour of Prayer*. The Sunday before the picnic is a season of harmony and decorum, when the only approach to a disturbance is the flutter during the announcement of the hour for departure by boat or train and the directions concerning tickets. There is almost a Christmas atmosphere of "peace on earth," and it seems well worth while to give up an afternoon once a week to instructing the "little ones" in sacred literature. If the Sunday after the picnic shows many deserted seats and scholars who seem to have forgotten that such persons as Moses and Joshua, to say nothing of St. Paul, ever existed, what is the use of expecting too much from frail human nature?

The weather, that is only a matter of conversation for many occasions, is all-important for the Sunday school picnic. Who has not arisen at five o'clock in the morning, to see whether the sky promised a fair day? There is no pang of "grown-up" disappointment more bitter than that suffered by the small person should there be rain on that much-looked-for morning and a consequent postponement of picnic joys. A postponed event is as destitute of flavor as the sequel to a good story. Not all the blue skies and exciting foot-races of the day when it finally takes place can compensate for the grief of the moment when we craned our youthful necks out of the window, only to feel the raindrops pattering upon our upturned faces, while a small brother in the background wailed, "There ain't goin' to be no picnic."

At the train or the boat, great is the excitement as the time for departure draws near, and the perspiring superintendent tries to see that all the "little ones" get on decently and in order. Whatever the occasion may be for the scholars, it is confusion and anxiety for the teachers, who are sure that the day will not pass without Willie Barker or Jimmie Brown coming to grief. Visions of a small boy going down for the third time beneath the cruel waves, or having one of his restless limbs cut off by the train, haunt the minds of those who feel responsible for this mass of juvenile humanity. But such fears are for the grown-up heart; the boys and girls know nothing but what Browning would call "a first, fine, careless rapture." What a clean-looking crowd of youngsters they are, at the moment of embarking! Every boy looks uneasily aware that his ears and the back of his neck are irreproachable, while the small girls rustle their white skirts with a stiff importance, and the pink or blue bows at the back of the shining heads stand out bravely as if they, too, felt the dignity of the occasion.

The most attractive feature of the "luggage" is undoubtedly the basket. A picnic without a hamper would be much worse than *Hamlet* with the soliloquizing prince missing. Hardly has the boat left the dock or the conductor's "All aboard!" echoed from the station, than boyish fingers begin to be poked beneath the clean towel or through the paper covering sandwiches of all variety of shapes and "filling." It is all in vain to say, "It's only an hour since you had your breakfast." The lake breezes or the country air must have a wonderful effect, and those in custody of the baskets have no peace until an active affirmative is given to the appeal, "Can't I have just one sandwich?" He is a nuisance, of course, but the picnic boy with his mouth full of ham sandwich might be envied by Pierpont Morgan, for he is content to enjoy the world without desiring to own it, and Andrew Carnegie might give the price of a Toronto library for just such digestive power as belongs to the scholars of the Sunday school. If the picnic is one of the old-fashioned rural kind, with a feast in a grove, the delight of the children knows no bounds, for to the youthful picnicer ants on the table-cloth, chocolate cake imbedded in raspberry pie, and pickles mingling with the doughnuts are the height of *al fresco* happiness. Not the daintiest luncheon pictured by the *Ladies' Home Journal* with pink paper frills around the croquettes and a daffodil at each plate ever causes the thrill of the true picnic spread. Newspaper humorists have flung their cheap jests at the lemonade provided for these occasions, but that beverage has weakened their memories as the years went by and less innocent drinks took its place. As a matter of fact, Sunday school lemonade is unusually strenuous with lemon juice, but is ill-provided with ice. It is a sour and lukewarm beverage with only an occasional grasshopper to enliven its expanse.

There are few small towns in Ontario that cannot send their Sunday schools to a lake or a river for the day's outing.



Joseph—Do you believe all this, Arthur, about men buying wives?  
Arthur—Oh, I expect so! Some men will buy anything.—*The Tatler*.

Occasionally, however, failing better and wetter scenes, a "bush" a mile or two from town is selected for the picnic, and in that sad case the "superintendent and officers" spend a busy half-hour in erecting swings and seeing that each small person gets a "turn." Huge wagons and every omnibus in town take loads of shrieking "scholars" through clouds of dust to the woods, where the best holidays are spent and the wisest school held. But more happy are those who can get to the lake shore and know the freshness of the breeze that enlivens even anxious teachers and takes the curl out of carefully-waved locks. There is not an Ontario port from Godrich to Cobourg, nor a river from the St. Clair to the St. Lawrence, which has not known the joys of the Sunday school picnic. Their shores have echoed with childish glee and have been thickly strewn with the abandoned biscuit-box and the empty salmon-can, while a shoal of squeezed lemons are washed every summer by the broad river, to be lost beneath the moaning surges of the Atlantic.

The games of the picnic are a serious matter and are carefully arranged with a view to variety and muscular Christianity. Races are perhaps the mildest form which they take, and many a man remembers the joy with which he received the quarter as prize after he had found himself, perspiring but first, at the goal, carefully watched by the secretary of the Sunday school, who is hardly recognized in his new functions. Swimming is the pastime that holds an honored place in the estimation of most youths, and they are peculiarly exultant if they can escape the vigilance of their elders and go beyond their depth until they feel like regular adventurers. Baseball is recognized as an orthodox picnic game, and the clergyman who can act as expert catcher is almost certain of enduring popularity. This is the age of church athletic clubs, and that religious community is behind the times which does not possess a hockey team or a baseball club, while a few who are faithful to British tradition have a cricket eleven whose portrait has a proud position in the clerical study.

But "all that's fair must fade," and the return journey from the picnic is hardly as cheerful an occasion as the early expedition. The members of the infant class, if allowed to be present, are sleepy and cross, the "officers and teachers" are exhausted, and the more active scholars are diligently searching the baskets for such fragments of cherry tarts and caramel cake as remain. Music is resorted to, and soon the strains of *God be With You till We Meet Again* are echoing across the lake. Why the hymn, *Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?* should be wailed forth on such occasions must forever remain a mystery; but it is usually heard in all its doleful interrogation before the home lights appear, and not even the musical critic of the *News* can persuade the Sunday school authorities that it is not "sacred" music. Most of us, after years of indiscretion are reached, could not be bribed to attend a Sunday school picnic. But there is hardly a citizen of the Province of Ontario who does not recall halcyon days when large posters about the town announced an "S. S. Excursion to Port — next Thursday."



TRYING IT ON THE DOG.

Ada—Is it true, Dora, that you are going to apply for a divorce from your husband on the ground of cruelty?

Dora (the wife of an excessively modern dramatist)—Most assuredly! It is quite unendurable! Just think! my husband finished a five-act tragedy two weeks ago, and every evening since then he has read it through to me, from beginning to end, to find whether it gains or loses by repetition.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

### Random Shots.

#### ANOTHER PHASE OF THE QUESTION.

According to Judge Anglin's way of arguing a point, The process of the law, perhaps, is somewhat out of joint, For if the State doth hang a man—sinner or slave or saint— It surely uses "extra-territorial restraint." It sends him off this land of ours and the man, when hanged, must go

To the heaven up above us or the regions down below. If we can't push a Yankee back to his country and his wife, What right have we to push him o'er the border-line of life?

#### SOME COMFORT LEFT.

(A Washington doctor advises women not to kiss bearded men because of the danger of germs.)

Beware, dear girls, of bearded men.  
In whiskers germs may lurk, perhaps;  
But be not sad, you safely may  
Take chances with the bare-faced chaps.

#### THE CONQUEST IS COMPLETE.

(General Wood reports that order is now restored in the Philippine Islands.)

Supreme at last is Uncle Sam  
In Filipino Isles;  
Conquest complete, says General Wood,  
And peace and plenty smiles.  
No more will rival nations now  
Have cause to sneer and scoff;  
Rebellion's ended now because  
The rebels are killed off.

#### TWO NIGHTS IN A BEDROOM.

(The old story told again.)

##### Chapter I.

Why doth the busy little bride  
At midnight lie awake?  
She's thinking that to-morrow she  
Must needs begin to bake.

##### Chapter II. (Next night.)

Why doth the happy husband lie  
So restless and awake?  
Alas! poor man, he ate one of  
The biscuits she did bake.

#### WHY IS IT?

(Lynchings are decreasing in numbers in the United States.—*News item*.)

With pleasure we learn that they're lynching so few,  
But perhaps we're permitted to hope  
That this change for the better is not at all due  
To the fact that they've run out of rope.

W. F. W.

### A Story.

Adolf, an Austrian artisan, adored Anna, an aristocrat. And Anna adored Adolf.  
Another aristocrat, Alfred, an ambassador, adored Anna. Anna adored Alfred.  
Alfred adored Anna, admitting admiration. Anna assumed amazement.  
Alfred adored Anna.  
Anna admonished Alfred.  
Alfred adopted aggressiveness.  
Alfred's audacity alarmed Anna.  
Alfred attempted abducting Anna.  
Anna, afraid and agitated, acquainted Adolf.  
Adolf accused Alfred.  
Alfred, angered, abused Adolf awfully.  
Adolf answered Alfred.  
Alfred attacked Adolf.  
Anna, aghast, aided Adolf.  
Adolf and Anna almost annihilated Alfred.  
Alfred abdicated absolutely.  
Anna accepted Adolf.  
Adolf and Anna abruptly absconded and abandoned Austria altogether, arriving at Antwerp, and always abiding abroad afterward.—*Town Topics*.

An Indian Territory editor makes this frank remark: "Ten years ago we entered the newspaper business poor, but honest. We are still poor."

## MAPLES.

In the sketches accompanying these notes all of our native maples are represented, as well as two others, the Norway Maple and the Sycamore Maple, which, though not natives, are commonly seen on our streets and lawns. In Toronto there are probably many more Norway maples than there are Sugar maples, and a comparison of these introduced trees with our own native varieties will probably be not without interest. The drawings are all made from living



specimens, with the exception of the four smaller ones of the Striped, Mountain, Vine and Rocky Mountain maples, which are taken from reliable published sources.

For the quotations giving the range of the different varieties throughout Canada, recourse has been had to Macoun's invaluable *Catalogue of Canadian Plants*.

#### NORWAY MAPLE.

Not native to Canada, but introduced from Europe.

Size—Grows to about 60 feet in height and is rounded and bushy in general character of growth.

Leaves—Resemble those of Sugar maple in appearance, but the leaf stems contain a milky juice which serves as an easy means of identification.

Flowers—Greenish yellow, conspicuous and quite decorative, half an inch across, appearing with the leaves in May and growing in clusters that are less drooping than those of the Sugar maple.

Samaras—Large and diverging in almost a straight line, each wing about two inches in length.

This species is very common in Toronto.

#### SUGAR, OR ROCK MAPLE.

Habitat—"Head of Bay of St. George, Nfld. Very common in suitable localities from Nova Scotia to the western end of Lake Superior, and thence in a few isolated patches to the Lake of the Woods. Northward, it extends to Lake St. John



and Lake Temiskaming. North of Lake Superior, it extends to the Long Portage on the Michipicoten River."

Size—Maximum height, 100 to 120 feet, trunk diameter 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 feet.

Wood—Heavy, hard, strong, close-grained and weighs 43 pounds per cubic foot. "Bird's eye" and "curled," are accidental varieties.

Leaves—Five-lobed, the notches between the lobes very rounded, lobes sparingly and bluntly toothed. Dark green above, lighter green beneath.

Flowers—Appearing as the leaves are unfolding in April or May. Small greenish yellow, drooping on hairy pedicels.

Samaras—Slightly diverging, each wing about an inch long. Ripens in September.

There is a very fine specimen on the grounds of No. 75 Queen's Park.

Black maple is a variety of Sugar maple with blackish bark and broader and shorter lobes.

#### SILVER, SOFT OR WHITE MAPLE.

Habitat—"Apparently rare in the east. . . . Very abundant from Ottawa westward throughout Ontario."

Size—Maximum height, 100 to 120 feet, trunk diameter 3 to 5 feet.

Wood—Hard, strong, 32 pounds per cubic foot. Bark flaky.



Leaves—Four to six inches long, deeply five-lobed, coarsely and irregularly toothed. Green above, silvery white beneath.



Flowers—Greenish, in clusters, appearing in March and April and much preceding the leaves.  
Samaras—Large and spreading, each wing two inches long and half an inch wide; wings frequently unequally developed.  
Maple sugar is made from the sap in small quantities.  
A very fine specimen is the tree on the University grounds under which the open-air Shakespearean performances were given.

## RED, WATER OR SWAMP MAPLE.

Habitat—"Very common in swamps and low woods from the Atlantic to the Mud Portage on the Dawson Route; slightly more northern in its range than the Sugar maple."  
Size—Maximum height about 120 feet, trunk diameter 3 to 4 1-2 feet.  
Wood—Hard, but not strong, 38 pounds per cubic foot.



Curled and bird's-eye varieties occur. Bark flaky or smoothish; twigs reddish.

Leaves—Three to four inches long, three to five lobed, the notches between the lobes sharp, green above, pale and often whitish beneath, scarlet or crimson in the autumn.  
Flowers—Appearing in March or April, reddish or yellowish, in clusters, much preceding the leaves.

Samaras—Smooth, slightly incurved, each wing about an inch in length.

## ASH-LEAVED MAPLE, OR BOX ELDER.

Habitat—"A few trees of this species are found near Toronto. Eleven miles up the Kaministiquia, west of Lake Superior. On an island in Lake of the Woods. Abundant in all valleys of the tributaries of the Red River and of the Saskatchewan, coming from the south; also abundant on the streams flowing into Lake Winnipegosis. . . . This is the Sugar maple of Manitoba and the North-West, and is de-



stined to be the shade tree of all the prairie cities."  
Size—Maximum height, 60 to 70 feet.

Wood—Soft, weak, creamy white, weighing only 27 pounds to the cubic foot. Used in manufacture of woodenware and paper pulp.

Leaves—Remotely suggestive of ash. Three to five leaflets, each two to five inches long.

Flowers—Very small, drooping, appearing a little before the leaves.

Samaras—Wrinkled, slightly incurved, each wing 1 to 1 1-2 inches long.

Some very fair specimens may be seen on Yonge street, opposite St. Michael's cemetery, and smaller ones on Avenue road, near Upper Canada College.

## SYCAMORE MAPLE.

Not native to Canada, but introduced from Europe.  
Size—From 30 to 80 feet in height.  
Leaves—Four to six inches long and broader; five-lobed, dark green in color, thicker and coarser in texture than those of Sugar maple. Petioles often reddish in color.

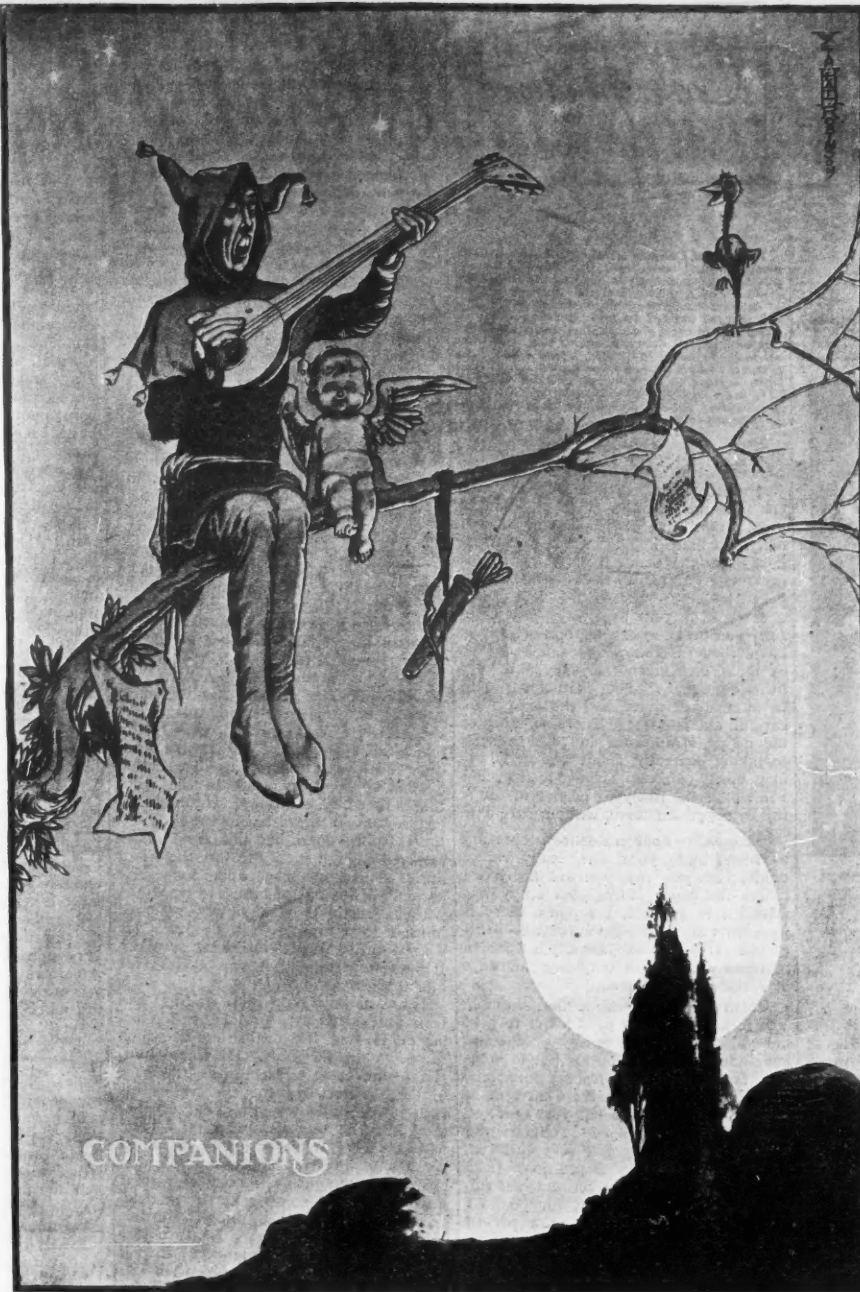


Flowers—Greenish and resembling currant blossoms or grape blossoms in character of growth.

Samaras—Each wing about an inch long. The seeds mature late and the samaras remain on the trees until after the leaves fall in the autumn.

## SAMARA.

(Owing to lack of space, the drawings of five maples—Broad-leaved, Striped, Mountain, Vine, Rocky Mountain—with accompanying notes, unfortunately have been omitted. They will appear in our next issue.—Editor.)



LOVE AND FOLLY.—The Tatler.

## The Sweet Girl Graduate and the Mere Man.

(A Romance of the Twentieth Century.)



**The Girl:**  
I have lately graduated from the Cram-em Jam-em College. My head is filled with various varieties of knowledge. I have swallowed all the wisdom of the ages that are past. I have studied all the oracles of custom, creed and caste. I am versed in all the sciences, I know them like a book—  
**The Man:**  
But tell me, pretty maiden, are you sure that you can cook?

**The Girl:**  
On matters geographical my knowledge is so wide. That I can tell the influence of moonlight on the tide. From Greenland's coral mountains to India's icy strand, I know the names of rocks and rills in every foreign land. I know the ancient empires—old Carthage, Greece and Rome—  
**The Man:**  
But tell me, pretty maiden, could you make a happy home?

**The Girl:**  
Old Euclid's propositions I have mastered, one and all. Triangles, squares, lines, bases, definitions great and small. The gnarled and knotted problems of arithmetic I solve. By the use of algebraic terms and all that they involve. Of rules on mathematics there are none I do not know—  
**The Man:**  
But tell me, pretty maiden, are you sure that you can sew?

**The Girl:**  
The secrets of astronomy have been revealed to me. The shining constellations now possess no mystery. For I can tell you easily the name of any star. And I also can inform you just how far away they are. All knowledge that I haven't got I'm sure is simply hosh—  
**The Man:**  
But tell me, O most wise one, did you ever learn to wash?

**The Girl:**  
I am learned in all the classics of the centuries of yore; The world's great masterpieces—I can quote them by the score; Anacreon, Homer, Plato, Dante, Virgil and Voltaire, I know them all from first to last—I can tell you when and where. And my knowledge, firmly rooted, I am sure will never shake—  
**The Man:**  
But tell me, are your biscuits like those mother used to make?

**The Girl:**  
I'm also an athletic girl—I've muscle like a man; I've a scarlet coat for golfing and my cheeks and boots are tan. In basket-ball and tennis I was champion at school, And when I'm in a motor-car I'm always quick and cool. I'm at home when in the saddle, I can fence and I can box—  
**The Man:**  
But tell me, pretty maiden, can you mend a fellow's socks?

W. F. WIGGINS.

## Appreciation.

I.  
Sir: Your wife is held by us for ransom. She will be detained until you deposit ten thousand dollars under the oak tree at the top of the hill.

II.  
Dear Sirs: Your favor of recent date received. I have deposited under the oak tree a trunk containing the rest of my wife's wardrobe. Yours truly, J. B. HENPECKE.

## The Jews in Toronto.

JUST now, when the Jews of Toronto have effected the purchase of the substantial building known as the McCaul Street Methodist Church, the Hebrew population of the city is receiving a good deal of thought. The Jews have been increasing rapidly for the past few years, and a talk with Rev. Solomon Jacobs, rabbi of the Holy Blossom Synagogue, proved very instructive. There were already five synagogues in the city, and it is likely that the Elm Street Synagogue and the new McCaul Street Synagogue will amalgamate.

"There are now 7,000 souls in our synagogues in Toronto," said the rabbi, in response to a question. "In ten years there will be 20,000. Others are coming, and children are being born. When a girl is born her name is inscribed in the books, and when a boy is born he is circumcised after eight days, thus becoming enrolled."

The Jewish service is interesting in the extreme. The Elm Street Synagogue, that attended by the poorer class of Jews, is a dilapidated frame building in "the ward." This is thronged every Saturday (the Jewish Sabbath) morning, and to one sitting in the gallery, unaccustomed to the Hebrew service, the scene is very strange. In this service, which is thoroughly orthodox, the women sit in the gallery and the men occupy the main floor. As the men enter they take, each, a square, brilliantly-bordered cloth, unfold it, and drape it skilfully over their shoulders. This is the remnant of the "four-cornered garment" of Scripture. The men, as the women, keep their hats on through the entire service, whether sitting or standing.



Rev. Solomon Jacobs, Rabbi of the Holy Blossom Synagogue.

During their reading and prayers they sway backward and forward, or from side to side, continually, while their heart-cutting chant, or wail, to be restored to their own, their promised land, is gone through in Hebrew. The gallery was very sparsely dotted with middle-aged and old Jewish women, while the main floor was thronged with middle-aged and old men, with a few small boys and one or two young men.

"Why is it," asked the reporter of a Jew on leaving, "that there are so few women at the service?"

"Ach!" he replied, "they are too lazy to get up."

This service is from 8.30 to 10.30 a.m. A little boy was entering, and as women do not even peep in the lower doors, we asked the boy if he would tell the gentleman who accompanied us—describing him—that the ladies were going. He looked blankly at us, and did not seem to understand anything. Finally I said, somewhat impatiently, "Will you please tell that Gentile sitting in the back seat to come out?" His face brightened, he darted in, and "that Gentile" came promptly out. A big, burly policeman with his heavy club was standing outside the synagogue during the entire service, watching for "rows with the toughs,"

and one who had looked into the faces of the Jews swaying and wailing could understand the reason.

"Will you tell me," I asked, catching up to an old Jewess, "why there are no young people at the synagogue?"

"Ya," she answered, smiling quaintly; "dey go to de Reform church, where de men and de women can sit toggeder."

The Holy Blossom Synagogue, the richest and most tony in the city, is a great contrast to the Elm Street church. A marble entrance takes the place of rickety wooden steps; rich, harmonious carpets and decorations take the place of rags and shabby woodwork, and a splendid pipe organ peals out the rich chants and anthems of Gounod, Handel and other masters.

"We always have a Christian lady to play the organ," Rev. Solomon Jacobs vouchsafed.

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh," he answered decidedly, "it is work, and we never allow our Jews to work on the Sabbath."

The day had been only Saturday to me, and I had wondered at the shocked faces of two little Jewesses in their "Sabbath" clothes who saw me sharpening my pencil in the gallery.

In the Holy Blossom Synagogue the sermon itself is in English, although the rest of the service is Hebrew. The sermon, too, is often a splendid oration, and weighted with a mastery grasp of Old Testament theology, although Rev. Mr. Jacobs has a little difficulty with his "r's." "The annihilation of Amalek," preached at the same time all over the Jewish world every year, gave one a good idea of the rabbi's powers. The Amalekite spirit, he said, was more in vogue than ever before, and he exhorted the Jews to be clean and upright, to shake off the spirit of Amalek—dirty, low, mean.

"We Jews," he said afterward, "go into Biblical criticism deeply. We do not explain a verse in the Bible without its context. You Christians do."

"I did not," I said, "know enough of the matter to argue the point."

"It is the way with all you Christians," he said. "You have not even touched the fringe of theology." He pounded his chair emphatically. "We Jews," he said in almost a sneering manner, "laugh in our sleeves at you Christians."

"I understood," I said, waiving the point, "that the Jews used only the Old Testament."

"We recognize no other," he answered.

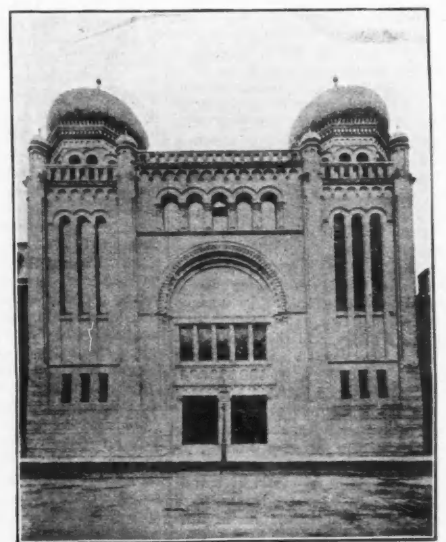
"I came across a whole Bible up in the gallery," I continued.

"Oh, well," he volunteered in an offhand manner, "we are not ashamed of Jesus Christ. He was one of our race, and a good man, but just a reformer before his time. You believe," he asked almost roughly, "that Mary was a virgin?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, you're wrong. Seventy per cent. of your English bishops refute the story of Christ's birth. It is all you Christians depend on. We Jews have works, works, works. That is all there is. What did people have before the birth of Christ?"

The Jewish women of this synagogue are certainly doing good work. They hold regular classes for the children from



Holy Blossom Synagogue.

poor Jewish families all over the city, teach them to sew, understand and speak the English language.

"Tell me," I asked again, wishing to get out of deep water, "what the ark and the Hebrew words over it signify."

"The Ark of the Covenant," he answered, "is the place where we keep the scrolls. Above the ark are the ten commandments, and below these, also in Hebrew, are the words 'Dah lifney mee otah omede,' meaning 'Know before whom it is thou standest.' The ark must always be in the east, so the Jews praying before it can stand facing the east." This, of course, compels every Jew who prays to do so with his back to the people. "The heavy curtains you noticed," the rabbi continued, "represent the Veil of the Scripture, although the Sephardic Jews have no veil. Behind the veil we keep the scrolls. We have five scrolls, all the same. Some churches have thirty. It depends on how many they can buy. They are very costly. They must be written throughout in the same ink, and by the Soters (scribes of olden time). If during his work one of these scribes is found to lean at all toward heresy, he is compelled to stop work at once."

These scrolls are gorgeous in appearance, having heavy crimson plush mantles with gold ornaments. They are carried reverently to the desk, which is in the front facing the ark, uncovered and unrolled from the middle, two large rolls comprising each scroll. The warden does most of the reading, but calls frequently upon some Jew present. All who read stand with their backs to the people, and, as in all the Jewish church, retain their hats. Boys over thirteen years old may read.

"The Jewish liturgy," Mr. Jacobs continued, "is a growth of two thousand years, but the chief parts date from Isaiah." "Our service," he said later to his congregation, "is for the instruction of worshippers; and whether we go to worship in chapel, synagogue or cathedral, we can only bring back intensified what we take with us. If we go to scoff, we get material to scoff at; if we go to criticize, we can do so. We forget for the time that it is public prayer. Some have said to me that our service is old-fashioned. Public worship is simply the vehicle for the utterance of public needs. Is there any Jew worthy the name who would gladly see this die out? It binds every one of us to the past; it has been handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, for over three thousand years. In it we have become again the wonderful people of 'the book,' the men of poetry, of prayer, of martyrdom. It is the expression of fellowship with Israel throughout the world—divine service. We should come to it prayerfully; as believers, not critics; as Jews, not theorists; as brothers, not unitarians. The Law is one, and His Name is one."

BERTHA JEAN THOMPSON.

"And you say the folding-bed shut up on you last night?" asked the boarding-house lady.

"Sure I did," replied the new boarder.

"You must have experienced great discomfort?"

"Not at all, ma'am. You see, I used to be a policeman, and I'm used to sleeping standing up!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher—Now, Willy, supposing you accidentally stood on a gentleman's foot, what would you say? Willy—I would say, "Beg pardon." Teacher—If the gentleman gave you sixpence for being polite, what would you do? Willy—I would stand on the other, and say, "Beg pardon."

Mother (looking at Johnny reproachfully)—Where have you been this afternoon, Johnny? Johnny (uneasily)—Sunday school. Mother—Then how is it you smell of fish and are so wet? Johnny (desperately)—Teacher told us the story of Jonah and the whale.



No Matter What Price You Pay  
There is No Better Tea Than  
**"SALADA"**  
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AND LAGER  
NOTED FOR  
PURITY BRILLIANCY AND UNIFORMITY.

#### What Professors are Doing to Popularize the Classics.

EDUCATORS in this country and England are seriously asking themselves just now whether the Latin and Greek classics should continue to be a part of college training. "The classics must go!" is a familiar slogan, but not one to excite general enthusiasm or hostility. In this country, especially, the dead languages are not a live issue; they might be blotted from every college course in the country, and only a minority of the educated would mourn their passing. In England, where Latin and Greek are part of the educational tradition, the subject has excited more interest. Many letters have been written to the magazines and newspapers—an unmistakable sign, for when a Briton feels strongly on any subject he usually unbends his mind by writing to the press. Whether the ancient poets and orators will step down from the commanding place they occupy at Eton and Harrow, at Oxford and Cambridge, is still undecided. They have already yielded a great deal of their prominence in the colleges of the United States.

It is interesting, in view of this agitation of the question, to note what the teachers of Latin and Greek are doing to strengthen their position and to convince doubters of the value of classical training. Two meetings of professorial bodies, one in England and one in this country, may throw some light on this phase of the question. The Classical Association of England and Wales was organized less than two years ago. One might suppose that the present agitation of the question of classical education would occupy their attention, for it is the biggest and most important problem in their branch of pedagogics to-day. But evidently it is not troubling them. At their most recent meeting they appointed a committee "to consider the spelling of Latin texts for school and college use." This committee has issued a circular calling on teachers of the classics to submit their opinions on the following weighty points: First, the marking of the long vowels in Latin texts intended for the use of beginners, and, second, the writing of the consonants or semi-vowels j and v. Professors with decided views on these subjects are asked to communicate at once with Professor Postgate, Trinity College, Cambridge.

What form is the activity nearer home taking? The Classical Association of the Middle West and South met lately at the University of Chicago. The meeting was given over to the reading of various papers of an extremely technical kind. The

oracle at Delphi, an attractive theme to classicists, was discussed; Virgil's epic technique was examined at length. These are the subjects classical scholars investigate in their less serious moments; the more important papers followed. "The Subjunctive in Consecutive Clauses" was discussed by Professor J. J. Schlicher of the Indiana State Normal School; "The Present Imperative and the Aorist Subjunctive in Prohibition in Greek Dramatic Poetry" formed the subject of another paper by Professor J. A. Scott of the North-Western University, and Professor Walter Dennison of the University of Michigan read a discourse on "Syntactical Latin Inscriptions."

To the layman these titles are not exactly pregnant with meaning. Even to the initiated they do not suggest the most pleasant branches of classical study. They are reminiscent of the "grammatical flots and jets," as Milton would call them, which constitute, to those who have studied the classics, their least inviting aspect. Such discussions of aorists and subjunctives and the marking of long vowels are not calculated to make the classics popular. When professors choose such themes their practicality may be questioned with good reason; they are minimizing the chances of a solution favorable to themselves of the question—Shall the classics hold their position in the schools? They are doing themselves an injustice. Will a man who received a classical education himself, and who feels reasonably disposed toward a similar training for his son, be confirmed in that purpose by reading the published reports of such meetings as the one noted above? He is more likely to be repelled. If classical education is to maintain its old position in the schools, the pedagogues must give over the study of such dry-as-dust themes as Imperatives and Subjunctives of Prohibition and try to impress on those who have sons and daughters of a collegiate age the advantages of the ancients in imparting delicacy of expression and forming literary taste.

#### The New Naval Power.

The influence of the sea power in the history now making—this is the real writing on the wall. If Japan secures a war indemnity from Russia, a large portion of this will undoubtedly be expended on increasing her fleet. In any case, these victorious islanders who are cradled on the sea and who have shown such a splendid capacity for naval warfare, are certain to better secure themselves against any further Russian aggression by a very powerful navy.—John Hays Hammond in *World's Work*.

## Correspondence Column

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column inquiries unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

JULIET.—April 13 is a capital time to arrive on this stage of action. It brings you under the noble influence of Aries, the ram, the leading sign of the zodiacal year. You have developed all the tenacity and blind impulse which sometimes designate the children of Aries, with a good deal of generous-heartedness and very decided prejudices. You love power and would in your own way use it carefully and probably not oppressively. You have good discretion and fair sequence of ideas, not much buoyancy and very little diplomacy. The character should be intense but quiet, and the expression careful and studied. There is none of the happy insouciance and sportiveness, so taking generally, about this study. It may easily develop strong feeling, but will not be as likely to inspire it. It is full of suggested force, without sure aim.

"MERIDA."—Your enclosure is contrary to rules, and your own study rather crude. As you say you are not likely to see the paper unless your study was attended to at once, I suppose there is little use in the insertion of this paragraph. If you have "already succeeded in literature," I can only say the ways of success are wonderful.

MOLLY.—I heard about that sermon. You're a silly young person not to give me your birthday. Surely you could have done so and asked me not to mention the date! The Races were fine, were they not? And as to what I think of you, why should I tell you and lose my superior knowledge? Your writing shows an easy-going, not very cultured, adaptable and happy disposition. You are neither cautious nor reticent, but can be tenacious and look out for yourself. It is the writing of a person likely to go easily through life, and not make much of a stand either for belief or convention. It is what is known as a sexless study, having neither marked masculine traits nor any strong suggestion of the eternal feminine. I know a girl very like you, but of course am not worrying whether you are she. You may with equal likelihood be a young man in the "first stages." The study shows strong signs of immaturity and lack of concentration and experience. You may easily be one inclined to take your own way through life, careless alike of precept and warning, but never acutely obstinate or longheaded on your own account. It is a lovable and sometimes humorous study.

HELEN C.—Sure, you made a mistake, but not one that makes the least difference. May it brings you under the full influence of Taurus, an earth sign, and apt to be over-influenced by material things. You are conservative and conscientious in thought and action, leaving no careless work behind you, self-reliant and somewhat generous, not very careful in speech or cautious enough in dealings. The tone is slightly boyish, but generally of practical and matter-of-fact type. It is a study from the development of which great things may easily result.

STANLEY ARTHUR.—You could satisfactorily fill a position exacting care for detail, accuracy and discretion without the exercise of marked initiative. Of course you know already that your mental equipment and acquired learning are nothing extraordinary, just the average, but unmarred by inflation or undisturbed by restless ambition. The tendency is honest and trustworthy, with reasonable enterprise and good self-respect. Your birthday, just between Libra and Scorpio, the one an air sign and often mercurial, the other a powerful water sign, with marked ability for one profession, that of medicine, or rather surgery. There are excellent temper, some sympathy, and probably a pleasant smile among your qualities.

ELINOR.—It is a very snappy, bright and capable hand, and rather well developed, with a slight lack of discretion, but a very buoyant impulse and generally good sequence of ideas and fair concentration. I don't see very decided ambition, and conclude you are pretty well content with life as you find it. Your signature, preceded by "hopefully," is very symbolic of your whole tone. It is a clever study and will probably do something good, preferably for the benefit of someone else, as so many fine Taurus folk do, God bless 'em!

#### Farmers No Longer Lonely.

Conditions have changed in relation to the farmer. No longer is he segregated from his fellows. His is not now a condition of irremediable loneliness or isolation. With the advent of the inter-urban trolley car, the telephone and the rural mail delivery, the entire condition of his existence has changed. To-day the farmer has his daily newspaper, his added facilities for correspondence and his telephone that brings him within speaking distance of his neighbors and the great outside world. The nature of the farmer has changed with the changed conditions that surround him. He has become a business man who is in constant touch with his markets, and is well versed in the varying circumstances of trade in the commodities that he produces. The old days of loneliness are gone forever. The man with the hoe has triumphed at last. He has come into his own.—Kansas City Journal.

#### The Smoker.

By Barry Pain.

E was, and had been for many years, a persistent smoker of tobacco. He smoked to excess. He smoked for fifteen hours out of every twenty-four. It had long ceased to be any positive pleasure to him, but he had reached the point when abstinence from tobacco for any period of one hour and upwards becomes a very positive agony unless one happens to be asleep. Excessive smoking leaves infallible marks on the mind and moral character. This man was vague and vacillating, his memory was untrustworthy, his temper was irritable. He had lost the ability to settle down to work at ten sharp, and when he did work he had ceased to be able to concentrate himself upon it. His nerves were in disorder. He was a poisonous and narcotized wreck, and he knew it.

Also he had to catch the north express; but I will not pretend that this could in any way be traced to his self-indulgence. Yet it was due to tobacco that though he had several little things to do before he caught the north express he could not remember them all at once. First one thing and then another would surge out of his abysmal vagueness into the clear light of consciousness. At one moment he would recall that he wished to buy a new tooth-brush. Then the tooth-brush would fade away and he would remember nothing but the exact hour of his important appointment with the solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Then the appointment in its turn grew dim, and he remembered a telegram that he had to send, or some of the other things that he had to buy. He might, of course, have made a list of the different things to be done, but this would have involved enough energy to face the minor duties of life, and tobacco had long since sucked all this out of him. He was quite without method. He simply resigned himself to a kind of dull despair. He was bound to forget something or other. It was written, and it was useless for him to fight against it.

The solicitor kept him waiting and their interview was prolonged. When he left he had very little time in which to get to the terminus. He found himself endeavoring to accelerate the pace of the cab horse by the exercise of his will power; this was the kind of fool thing that he was always doing. Then with a rare glimpse of sanity he called up through the trap and asked the man to drive faster. He observed with great satisfaction and some surprise that he had done the practical thing. He felt in his pocket and found a small object wrapped in white paper and secured with red wax; yes, he had not forgotten the tooth-brush. On arrival he had still four minutes to spare. This, so he told himself, was evidently his good day.

He directed the porter as to his luggage. There was still time to take his ticket, miscount the change, accuse the booking clerk, and apologize for his own error. But there was no time surplus. As he rushed up the platform he was enjoined to hurry. The porter held open the door of the empty smoking compartment, in which his bag was already placed, and was sorry that he could not get a corridor carriage. It did not matter; this fine fellow had caught his train. He suddenly remembered that he had forgotten the telegram, but even that did not matter very much. He would be able to send it in a couple of hours or so at the first stop. He had telegraph forms in his bag, and even felt a kind of satisfaction that one of these would now be useful.

But before attending to telegrams or to anything else his pipe, which was just out, needed to be refilled. He had suffered a long period of deprivation at his solicitor's. He pulled out his pouch and found in it as much fine dust as would half fill an ordinary salt-spoon. Yes, tobacco had been one of the things that he had to buy, and though he would not have admitted it, it was tobacco which had made him forget it. Dreamer though he was, he realized that this was the moment for prompt action. He heard the fusillade of slamming doors and knew that in a few seconds the train would be off.

He thrust his head out of the window, howled for a porter, and found one. Handing the man a shilling, he said, "Ounce of any kind of 'bacey.' Run as hard as you can."

"Can't do it in the time, sir. You're due away now."

"You must do it. Another shilling for you when you get back. Run! run!"

The porter was off at top speed. In about two seconds and a fifth he had reached the refreshment-room. But he did not immediately reappear. The poor wretch in the railway carriage rocked in agony; why did not the barmaid serve the porter immediately? She should see that it was urgent. Idiot that she was! An authoritative voice shouted, "Stand back there, please. Stand back." And still the porter came not. Could he have been mad enough to wait for his change? A shrill whistle went, and the irrevocable train began slowly to move out. But he came at last, running as if for his life. Why could not the blackguards stop the train for him? But the porter gained rapidly. He tossed the packet of tobacco in at the window, caught the other shilling in his cap, and leaned panting against a post as the train swept out of the station.

The victim of self-indulgence tore open the packet. Never had an ounce of fivepenny tobacco been better worth two shillings. With a deep sense of relief as of a hard struggle barely won he filled his pipe. It was rather lighter tobacco than he generally used, but how infinitely better than no tobacco at all!

He put the pipe between his teeth, sank back on the cushions, and fumbled for a match.

He found that he had not got a match. And the rest cannot be written, but might possibly be orchestrated.

#### Extenuation.

Father—Confound him! He cannot even make a living for himself. Daughter—No; but, papa, think how gracefully he fails to do so.

#### Walt Whitman's Table Talk.

"I AM doing my job in my way: it don't suit the scribbling class; they growl, curse, ridicule; but what is left for Walt Whitman to do but complete the job in the most workmanlike fashion he knows?" In this spirit Whitman was wont to vindicate his work in his conversations with his friends. The words have been preserved by Horace Traubel, who played Boswell to Whitman's Johnson, and now publishes (in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia), a series of articles on "The Good Gray Poet at Home." He gives us an exceptionally vivid picture of Whitman in his Camden environment, and describes his correspondence, his friends and his table talk. Cordial letters from Tennyson, John Hay and John Burroughs are reproduced, and the poet's judgments on his contemporaries are set forth. As might have been anticipated, Whitman's estimate of the literary men of his day was the reverse of flattering. Here is an extract from one of Traubel's entries:

"April 21, 1888.—In with W. He got talking about New York—its literary men. They are mainly a sad crowd; take the whole raft of them—Stoddard, Fawcett, the rest—what are they saying or doing that is in the least degree significant? I am told that Stoddard is pretty soon on me—hates even to have my name mentioned in his presence—never refers to me with respect. I do not blame him. But—I am sorry for Walt Whitman. There is Taylor. He was first rather friendly. Then he went to New York and experienced a change of heart."

"New York gives the literary man a touch of snow; he is never quite the same human being after New York has really set in; the best fellows have few chances of escape. Take John himself—Burroughs, I mean. He lives just far enough off. Even John barely got off with his skin. Stedman? Stedman is all right—I love him. But, after all, I do not think that Stedman ever drew very deep water. His estimate of the American poets misses the chief points—this is the truth: he is too judicial, too much concerned about being exactly just."

"The man who tries a too delicate operation with his scales breaks the scales. Don't Stedman break down in the process of his own criticism? He is generous, inclusive, hospitable, a bit over-ripe here and there, too much cultivated, too little able to be foolish to be free (we must all be foolish at times—it is the one condition of liberty), is always precisely so, always according to programme."

In another place the "moderns" are characterized thus:

"April 28, 1888.—Frank Stockton has recently lived at Merchantville, near by. Had Frank called? 'I do not think so, though I do not remember all my callers. I confess that my curiosity is slight, though I might like Frank at close quarters. The story writers do not as a rule attract me. Howells is more serious—seems to have something to say—James is only feathers to me. What do you make of them?—What is their future significance? Have they any? Don't they just come and go—don't they just skim about, butterfly about, daintily, in fragile literary vessels, for a while—then bow their way out? They do not deal in elements; they deal only in pieces of things, in fragments broken off, in detached episodes."

Reverting to the older generation of writers, Whitman expresses himself in more friendly terms. Lowell he confesses he does not "care much about," but of Emerson he says: "I loved Emerson for his personality and I always felt that he loved me for something I brought him from the rush of the big cities and the mass of men. We used to walk together, dine together... we got along together beautifully—the atmosphere was always sweet." In a comparison made between Emerson and Bryant, the former is given the first place:

"I sometimes waver in opinion as between Emerson and Bryant. Bryant is more significant for his patriotism, Americanism, love of external nature, the woods, the sea, the skies, the rivers, and this at times—the objective features of it especially—seems to outweigh Emerson's urgent intelligence and psychic depth. But after every hesitancy I go back to Emerson. Stedman is cute, but he has not attached to Whittier, Emerson and Bryant anything like the peculiar weight that I should, rebel as I am."

Whitman once asked Frank B. Sanborn of Concord who, of all the Concord circle, was most likely to last into the future, and he thinks it "very significant" that Sanborn named Thoreau. On Thoreau, Whitman makes this comment:

"Thoreau's great fault was disdain—disdain of men (for Tom, Dick and Harry); inability to appreciate the average life—even the exceptional life. It seemed to me a want of imagination. He couldn't put his life into any other life—realize why one man was so and another man was not so; was impatient with other people on the street, and so forth. We had a hot discussion about it—it was a bitter difference; it was rather a surprise to me to meet in Thoreau such a very aggravated case of superciliousness. It was egotistic—not taking that word in its worst sense."

In contradistinction to Thoreau's attitude of isolation may be cited Whitman's own point of view: "I appeal to no one; I look in all men for the heroic quality I find in Caesar, Carlyle, Emerson—find it, too, it is so surely present. If that is aristocracy, then I am an aristocrat."—*Current Literature*.

#### The Longest Lawsuit

Spain boasts of probably the longest lawsuit in the world's history; it began in 1517 and is still *sub judice*. The case, which concerns a pension, is between the Marquis de Viana and the Count Torres de Cabrera, and the accumulated sum in dispute would have reached fabulous millions had not four centuries of attorneys, barristers and court officials taken considerable measures of appropriation to prevent the sum becoming too unwieldy to be dealt with.

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## By Way of Loss.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE MAVER.

ROCKTON pulled a letter out of his pocket, read it through slowly, threw himself back in his leather arm-chair, pulled hard at his pipe, gazed at the ceiling through the smoke, and then re-perused the letter. As it was a short note, and he had read it before at least twenty times, he might have been supposed to know it by heart. But he read it for a third time before he folded it carefully and returned it to his waistcoat pocket. The note ran thus:

"Beacon Street, Boston.  
"Dear John,—Mother and I are going to New York, Wednesday, for a few days' shopping. We shall put up at the Holland House. Please come Wednesday evening and take me somewhere—hotel reception-rooms are such impossible places to receive one's friends in. Until Wednesday then, EUNICE GARNER."

This was Tuesday evening. Brockton drew out his pocket-book and told over its contents mechanically as if he knew the sum well enough. There were a two-dollar bill and three ones. He plunged into his trousers pocket and drew out seventy-five cents in small change. Then he rummaged in his bureau-drawer and found a little heap of pawn-tickets and his dress-shirt studs. He looked at these last doubtfully and threw them back—he couldn't take her to the theater without his shirt studs. He felt automatically for his watch and remembered that he had pawned it the week before to pay his board bill. Five dollars and seventy-five cents—he should have to manage breakfast, lunch and dinner on the seventy-five cents. That would leave four dollars for their theater tickets and one dollar for possible extras. Having settled these practical details he gave himself up to tobacco smoke and musing.

Her note had not announced her engagement to some other man and he was to see her in less than twenty-four hours—so much to the good. On the other hand, in all the seven years of what she called their "friendship,"—"friendship," he muttered, "Good Lord!"—his own chances had never seemed quite so hopeless. If a man were ever going to succeed he ought to have begun at thirty—and here he was at thirty with a collection of pawn-tickets, five dollars and seventy-five cents, and no prospects. He thought of the Garners' house in Beacon street and their place on the North Shore and of her habit of going abroad whenever the whim seized her, and he laughed to himself grimly.

What a backward donkey he had always been. He was twenty-three when he graduated at Harvard—the same year he had met Eunice Garner—and after spending a month with his chum at Beverly, near the Garners' place, he made up his mind that he would marry her or nobody. He wondered lazily why she had seemed to like him from the start—when he was burned a lobster-red that his light hair look like tow and his blue eyes of a pale and sickly cast. He didn't consider his looks much to boast of at the best, but in summer he was a fright. It was part of his general luck, he supposed, scowling through the smoke, that summer was the time he saw most of her. His luck. He thought of his "flyers" in the market, of how often his margin had been wiped out, and of his last deal, made on what he considered a sure tip. Why hadn't he stuck to his plogging and his salary even though the sum he had fixed as the least on which he could ask her to marry him was so long in coming? Oh, it made him sick to think of it, and he rose from his chair and stretched himself with a yawn. As he did so the mirror opposite showed him his six feet of brawn and muscle, and he surveyed it with gloomy contempt. "Much good it does me," he muttered. "It's brains that count nowadays, and precious little I've got of those, as the Lord who withheld them from me knows."

He went to the Holland House the next evening as early as he decently could, and after sending up his card waited in tense expectancy. He wondered if Eunice had changed in the eight months since she had waved him a goodbye from the deck of the *Kaiser Wilhelm*. It would be like her to change, he reflected paradoxically. In many-sidedness had never ceased to puzzle him. In which mood should he find her tonight? Would she wear what he called her "society manner"—the easy pose that made him feel far-off and lonely—or would she be the impulsive Eunice—given to hasty action and quick repentance? She never seemed so wholly lovable to him as when she was sorry for something she had done. Or had this separation—the longest since they had known each other—developed in her some new phase? Well, whatever she might be, his duty stood out clear—he had no right to let her know how he felt, and he was determined to keep a tight rein on himself.

When at last she came the sight of her sunk him into a moment of dull depression—standing there in the doorway until she should see him she looked so distinctly the woman of the world. Perhaps his own poverty made him exaggerate the richness of her furs and velvet gown and plumed hat—he did not stop to consider that the same clothes on another woman would fail to produce that effect of distinction. Then she caught sight of him, her eyes lighted, and she came forward impulsively with both hands outstretched; there was something childlike in her self-forgetfulness. "Well, Johnnie," she said. "Well, Eunice?" he replied, and they stood with clasped hands. He couldn't speak. The longing to take her in his arms, to make her his by force, for the instant overpowered him.

"You are the most beautiful creature on God's earth, and I love you, I love you," were the words that rushed to his lips. But he pulled himself together, withdrew his hands from the clasp of hers, and said in his very best drawing-

room manner, "Awfully good of you to let me know you were in town."

The light died out of her eyes and her hands dropped to her sides. "I—I thought you would be glad to see me," she faltered.

"Glad? Of course I'm glad," he stammered. If only she had not been in her most adorable mood it might not have been quite so hard for him. "I'm very glad," he added with an attempt at heartiness that should not overstep the bounds of friendship.

"Did you miss me last summer at Beverly?" she asked with a little upward glance. Most men met Eunice Garner's eyes on a level, and some thought her too tall.

"I didn't go," ("how could I when you were not there, my darling?" he had almost said). Instead he explained elaborately—"You see, Drayton was in Switzerland, and the Jocelyns' is such a deuced formal house to stay at that I refused their bid, and—well, I thought I'd go to Maine for a change." He was doing well, he told himself—he hadn't known how good an actor he could be. Eunice sank into the corner of a sofa; he drew a small gilt chair in front of her and sat up very straight as if the physical brace would somehow stiffen his moral backbone. She threw him a searching glance. "Then my being away had nothing to do with your not going to Beverly?"

"Oh, of course," he said in the tone he might have used to a woman whom he had just been asked to take out to dinner. "I should have missed you awfully"—then as a happy afterthought—"the tennis, and all that you know." He wouldn't have made such a bad diplomat after all. He remembered how his uncle, the one who paid his way through college, had wanted him to go into the service. There was a pause. Then—"How is Mrs. Garner?" he asked politely. But the old chill was creeping over him. Eunice was by this time very much the woman of the world; her grey eyes met his in a level, careless glance.

"Mother is a bit uncomfortable," she thinks I'm not quite proper. She seems to forget that I'm a woman of twenty-six and like to dispense with a chaperon occasionally; she prefers to keep up the fiction of my extreme youth. In short, I'm deviating from the straight and narrow way of Boston—I hope you duly appreciate my going out alone with you?" She talked against time as if he were a particularly difficult dinner escort. "Oh, I appreciate it," he said miserably. "See here, Eunice," he remembered himself in time.

"Well?" she interrogated. "Nothing—I was just going to say—to ask if that's a Paris hat?"

"Yes; do you like it?" She turned her head carelessly as if asking the approval of a milliner.

"You would be beautiful in anything," was his thought, but he said, "It's awfully swell. Those Paris people can make any woman look like a beauty—well, I don't mean that exactly—" He stopped, confused; he wasn't doing so well. She looked at him curiously.

"By the way, John, Mr. Drayton came home on the steamer with us; did he tell you?"

A spasm of jealousy clutched him like a physical pain. Drayton, who had been his chum in college, was absurdly rich, disgustingly good-looking, and entirely unspoiled. "Charlie always was a secretive chap," he said, not quite truthfully.

"He sat next to me at table," went on Eunice musingly, "and when I couldn't eat I found such comfort in gazing at his profile. It's absolutely Greek."

Involuntarily Brockton passed his hand over his own blunt nose. "I presume he proposed to you?" he said savagely. He had completely forgotten his part. She made no reply, and a fierce anger rushed over him. He wanted to hurt someone. He rose and bowed to her ceremoniously.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Charles Appleton Drayton." He wished her to resent it—he hoped she would be very angry.

Instead she gave a low laugh and looked up at him with the happy light once more in her eyes. "Sit down, John, and don't be a goose. You look positively murderous. No; I'm not engaged to Charlie Drayton."

"Thank God!" he ejaculated solemnly. Then, with anxiety, "Are you going to be?"

For a moment she looked at him teasingly, then, under his gaze, the warm color rose until it flooded her face and she dropped her eyes and said quietly, "No." She was adorable. For the twentieth time that evening he cursed himself for not having won the right to tell her so.

"What's the matter?" she asked, recovering herself. "Your jaw is set as if you wanted to fight someone."

"Oh, I was only thinking how glad I am to have you back."

She laughed. "If that look means pleasure, let's be miserable. Come, cheer up, and tell me where you are going to take me to-night?" Her spirits had risen to the point of hilarity. As he watched her draw on her gloves he thought what a strange girl she was, with her freezing indifference for his good behavior, her gay warmth for his rudeness. Well, he would bask in her mood while it lasted and forget the future. "I thought I'd let you choose," he said.

"Then suppose we walk down town and see what turns up. I feel what tomorrow would call 'irresponsible' to-night."

As they came out into the clear January night the cold wind smote them in the face and forced them to take a brisk pace. It was the hour when people are hurrying to the theaters, when Madison Square is the focus of a thousand electric lights, and all New York, clad in its best, seems bent on pleasure. In forlorn contrast to the general gaiety were a motley crowd of men gathered on the strip of asphalt to the north of the Washington Monument triangle. They were singing a hymn, the hoarse and doleful strain of which floated intermittently

above the clanging of the Broadway cars and the more subdued carriage traffic of Fifth avenue.

"What is it?" asked Eunice. "I want to see them."

"Oh, no, you don't," said he. "It's only the bummers waiting for a night's lodging." He had his reasons for not wishing to stop there with Eunice.

"But I do," she insisted. "These are just the sights of a big city that interest me."

Brockton reluctantly made a place for her among the group of spectators. Before them the outcasts—for the most part old or middle-aged men—buddled together in a solid square, while a thick-set man with his dark head bared to the wind harangued the lookers-on from a soap-box. He explained, in the vernacular of the people, that these men were the "misfortunates"—they hadn't got money nor no friends, and they'd have to walk the streets all night if they didn't get the sum of a lodging. "Now, boys," he ended, turning to the men, "it's either cash or shanks's mare for to-night."

Some of the "boys" followed the speaker with strained attention, others cast furtive glances at the spectators, and a few gazed on the ground in the very listlessness of despair. They pressed together for warmth. In the group of perhaps fifty men there were scarcely a dozen overcoats. It was not a new sight to Brockton; he had often stopped there of a cold night, and without reasoning about the evils of careless charity had given money to the preacher because the sight of the poor devils waiting for a bed never failed to move him. He knew how Eunice was feeling even before he turned to her and saw tears in her eyes.

"Oh, let's get out of this," he said. She threw him a look of reproach for answer, adding, "Unfortunately I left my pocket-book at home." He knew that she was silently condemning him for not giving. He didn't blame her, but, good heavens! it was hard to be placed in that particularly false position before her of all people.

"That's too bad—I mean, it's just as well," he replied confusedly.

"Now, boys," began the man on the soap-box, "sing and sing all together; it sounds better that way." Then a few hoarse voices rose from the shivering group and took up the strain, "Oh where is my wandering boy to-night?" and the sight and sound of it were something beyond either laughter or tears. Eunice turned to Brockton. "Please lend me five dollars?" she said authoritatively.

He looked at her in blank misery. "You don't want all that?"

"Is it such a large sum?" she asked with sarcasm.

Doggishly he drew out the two-dollar bill and the three ones and held them toward her. There were just two nickels left in his pocket.

"Please give them to the preacher," she commanded; and when he had done so she turned away, saying very coldly, "I think we will go to the theater now."

At last fate had cornered him. His sordid secret it seemed was even to be denied the decent covering of silence. Why hadn't he begged, borrowed, stolen—anything, he asked himself in sudden frenzy, to have kept Eunice from knowing? She would pity him. He would stand before her in the same category with those wretched creatures to whom she had just given a night's lodging. Perhaps she would offer to lend him money. He cast about vainly for a subterfuge and at last fell back upon the bare fact. "We can't go to the theater now."

"And why not?" she asked. "We shall only be a little late."

"Oh, well, if you really want to know, I'll tell you," he said with a short laugh. "It's rather a good joke, but somehow I had depended upon keeping it to myself. I didn't want to share it with you, you see. We can't go because that five dollars was all I had in the world. I'm dead broke."

"All—you—had?" she faltered. "Ah—" and she drew a deep breath.

"Yes; funny, isn't it? Oh, I told you it was a good joke."

"We will go back to the hotel, then," Her voice was calm and even. He needn't have dreaded her impulsive pity; what she felt for him was probably contempt. As they walked silently up the avenue the singing followed them fainter and fainter, and he shaped to the doleful air words of his own. "I've told her and she doesn't care; she despises me." For the first time the saying that women worship success came home to him.

Then of a sudden he saw himself with her eyes; he felt how she would have scorned him if she had known that he, the penniless duffer, had cherished night and day for seven years the hope of marrying her. Well, she didn't know; he had at least kept that last shred of self-respect. He wondered what she was thinking of there beside him as she braced her back against the wind that drove them swiftly forward. She might have said something; she was usually ready enough to meet and conquer a difficult situation. Did she, after all, suspect? He felt that he could never face her again. Even in the hotel after he had followed her to a small upstairs parlor and seated himself beside her on the sofa he didn't look at her lest her eyes should confirm his fear.

"John—I think—I begin to understand." It was really Eunice's voice? He turned toward her, and as he met her eyes a great wonder took possession of him. In the sudden revulsion of feeling he blurted out, "My God, Eunice! don't look at me like that or you'll make me say something I'll be sorry for."

"Say it," she murmured. "I've been waiting so long."

He drew away from her, frowning. "No, I won't say it. Do you think I've held on to myself for seven years to let myself go now of all times? Oh, but you make it hard for a fellow, though."

He leaned toward him where he shrank back in the corner of the sofa. "Then I'll say it. John Brockton, will you—marry me? There, now perhaps I've humiliated myself enough to satisfy your pride," and she gave a little laugh that was half a sob.

He rose and towered over her. "Look here, Eunice, do you think I'll marry a



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rich woman as long as I'm a beggar? I may be a duffer, but I'm not a cad."

"Then you don't love me after all?" "Love you?" he echoed. "Oh, no, I don't love you. I've only lived with one hope and wish ever since I knew you; I've only worked and risked all I had and failed miserably because the one thing in life I wanted was you; but I don't love you—"

She rose, too, and confronted him with angry eyes. "Shall I tell you what you love? You love yourself—your foolish pride, your false idea of honor. Oh, what difference does it make about money—haven't I more than enough for us both? Because I'm rich must I go without the only thing in life that is worth having?"

"But, Eunice, you don't understand; no woman could understand how a man feels about such things." He himself hardly understood now. Beside the warmth of her confession his scruples were beginning to look such cold things.

"Feels!" she said contemptuously. "Do you call such cold-blooded calculation feeling? And is it for that you have let me suffer all this time!"

"Let you suffer?" he repeated blankly. "I thought the suffering had all been on my side."

"Oh, of course, being a man you never thought of putting yourself in my place. You don't know—" Then suddenly her anger died away. She sank back on the sofa and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, John, can't you understand—how I need you?"

As she looked up at him through her tears convention dropped from him as a garment and all the man in him rose to meet her weakness. For the moment they were primal as Siegfried and Brunhild on the fire-girt rock. He made a sudden movement towards her.

But the conventions were upon them once more in the shape of an elderly man and a middle-aged woman who sauntered through the doorway and stood aimlessly chatting in the center of the room. Brockton stopped short and tried to look careless, while all the time her triumphant face was telling him, "I have won; I have won!" He threw the intruders a savage look and growled something between his teeth. The obnoxious couple, evidently scenting the situation, began to beat an honorable retreat, lingering for propriety's sake in the doorway.

"Are you aware," questioned the girl, "that you swore just then—quite violently?"

"Swore!" he muttered. "Haven't I been mad all these years to take you in my arms, and now—I can't."

At that she began to laugh, and the laughter grew, hysterically, until her eyes were wet, and the contagion of it made him join in helplessly yet with a certain wrathful reserve. Then the elderly man disappeared around the corner with the middle-aged woman.—*The Tatler.*

**What One Reader Found in Sixty Late Novels.**

TO any ordinary reader the task of assimilating the contents of sixty volumes of current fiction merely to make a magazine article out of the exploit would be less inviting than some of the labors of Hercules. Mary Moss, with a zeal worthy a better cause, has done this and has embodied the result in a paper contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "Significant Tendencies in Current Fiction." Reading of her task—she calls it "my weary search through acres of arid cleverness"—one feels called upon to extend sympathy, no matter how impersonal, to a woman so brave and persevering. What mental dyspepsia must be hers at present! How she must loathe the bright reds and yellows and blues and greens in which the best-sellers are bound! How the gilt tops and the ragged edges of the pages must revolt her! It is safe to say that after such mental disipation Miss Moss will lead the simple life for many a day.

The result of her efforts is unsatisfactory. After her long dive into the sea of English and American contemporary fiction she has brought up but one pearl of price. Whether one gem is compensation for all her trouble is a question for individual opinion to answer.

The adventure makes interesting reading. After running in career against sixty shields this Bradamant of the pen has told her story entertainingly. But those who aspire to success in novel-writing will find scant encouragement in her remarks. She exposes the clay feet of the idols without hesitation.

The historical novel she dismisses contemptuously as being "at all times a side issue," representing "rather a mode than a tendency." The same is said of the specialized sketch by which Miss Moss understands any of the short or long

stories "describing special coteries of thieves, policemen, expatriated Greeks and Syrians, railroad men and journalists, with which our magazines abound." This kind of fiction, "a facile compromise between the short story and the novel," Miss Moss finds at its best in Myra Kelly and John Fox, but she thinks it lacks significance and is "more of a snare than a benefit."

Robert W. Chambers is "a victim of his own cleverness," a book of such stories as his "reveals his method, wears you with that trim turn of phrase." Then there is the story that depends for its interest on "dialect, local characteristics and picturesque setting."

Miss Moss, who is always looking for "influences," finds none here, "not because its exponents lack ability, but because, being superficial, their tendency seems rather negative than active." This feminine critic has a most masculine gift for damning with faint praise. The novels of Southern life, she tells us, "will scarcely deflect the course of literature." She instances *The House of Fulfillment*, by George Madden Martin. She crushes Mr. Martin by telling him that his book is common, and that commonness has nothing to do with literature. Then she annihilates him by adding that "no fiction tainted with commonness has survived its own generation."

Mistook *The Law of the Land*, by Emerson Hough, for a colonial romance until she was "oriented by a backward reference to the Civil War." Further comment is unnecessary. Turning to the Northern school, she finds that Robert Grant in *The Undercurrent* has "merely collected precious evidence for some future novelist or satirist to digest and use." He has not "that combination of craft, vigor and imagination which goes to make staying power." The whole output of this school is generalized as "typically American, and as speciously and negatively virtuous, as chewing gum."

Alfred Henry Lewis is "common;" George Horace Lorimer, author of *Sid Gorgon Graham*, shows us that honesty is the best policy, "through the illuminating medium of hog." David Harum, *Mrs. Wiggs* and *Emmy Lou* are "cheap appeals to sentimentality."

Marion Crawford is "an accomplished, cosmopolitan manufacturer;" Henry Harland is "too exotic," "an amiable lavender orchid," while Henry James is "a precious, morbid phenomenon, too exceptional for healthy discipleship."

Miss Moss finds conditions in British fiction scarcely more satisfactory. Anthony Hope's *Double Harness* suggests that he must be allowed "an occasional off-year." In Kipling's *Traffics and Discoveries* we have the "co-related story at its rankest." In Mr. Hichens' *The Garden of Allah* the story "hardly comes off!" And so on through the dreary reaches of current noveldom until she stumbles on *The Divine Fire*, by May Sinclair. Here at last she finds a book of which she can approve, and after reviewing so much that called for blame only, Miss Moss proves herself quite an adept in applause. She compares Miss Sinclair with Charlotte Brontë, and declares that "in all our new fiction I have found nothing to compare with *The Divine Fire*, nothing even remotely approaching the same class."

Readers of Miss Moss's article who have noted that the only praise worth while which she has meted out has gone to three women, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Evelyn Underhill and May Sinclair, may view her findings with suspicion. Can it be that she is biased in favor of the workers in fiction who belong to her own sex? But this may be an unmerited aspersion. Aside from that, Mary Moss's article seems to show that the most significant tendency in current fiction is toward the writing of very poor novels.

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### Anecdotal

A story is told of a motoring doctor who ran into and capsized a pedestrian. He looked behind him, and seeing the man still prone, made a circuit and ran back, intending to stop beside and help him. But the motor shot a yard or two beyond the mark and hit the man again just as he was getting up. The doctor turned his car once more, and was cautiously stealing near to the prostrate sufferer, when an excited spectator rushed from the sidewalk, and, shaking the victim, exclaimed: "Look out! He's coming at you again!" whereupon the man scrambled up and started to run.

There is a story of a home-loving farmer who started for the West and came home "to spend the first night." This was a question of sentiment; but another man, quoted by the Philadelphia Ledger, had a more practical reason for seeking cover. He had been hired by a close-fisted farmer, who believed in burning the candle at both ends. The first morning the new man was called at three o'clock. About fifteen minutes later he came down-stairs with his hat in his hand. "Ain't you going to work?" asked the farmer in surprise. "No," was the disgusted answer. "I'm going to hunt up some place to stay all night."

The following story is told of two well-known London actors whom for the nonce we will call "Free" and "Earning." The two gentlemen met in Piccadilly Circus late one night after their respective performances and Earning offered to stand Free a supper. The offer was accepted, and they partook of the meal with great relish. "Look here, old man," said Earning as they were about to depart. "Here's a five: if you'll pay the fellow and bring me the change outside I'll be much obliged. You see" whispering, "they know me here, and if they think the five's mine they'll take for all my unpaid meals for the last six months and I'll get about half-a-crown change." So Free paid the bill and rejoined Earning outside and handed him eighteenpence. "Why, what's this?" exclaimed Earning. "Your change," replied Free: "I'm sorry, old man, but they've taken for my unpaid suppers."

Some years ago the Chief Justice of the United States was driving in a gig and found that the tire of one of his wheels was loose and kept slipping off. He didn't know a great deal about common affairs, for he had not lived much with the common affairs of life; but he did know that water would tighten a tire on a wheel. Coming to a little stream, he drove into it and got one section of the wheel wet; then drove out and backed his horse, and the same part of the wheel went into the water again, and he pulled back and kept sawing backward and forward, all the time getting the same part of the wheel wet. A negro came along, and, seeing the situation, told the justice to back into the water again. He did so, and the negro took hold of the spokes of the wheel, and turning it around, directly had it wet all around. The Chief Justice said: "Well, I never thought of that." "Well," replied the negro, "some men just nat'ly have more sense than others, anyhow."

Baron Martin—"Old Sam," as he was affectionately called—was one of the shrewdest of judges, besides being a thorough sportsman, and a man of the world to boot. Many are the stories told of his racing proclivities and quaint expressions of opinion. Whenever a big race was decided, he would have the telegrams with the names of the winner and "placed" horses handed up to him



THE MAGICIAN.—LIFE.

on the Bench. A good story was told of his conduct in a certain criminal case tried on Derby Day, wherein was engaged a very young counsel, Mr. A—. In the middle of cross-examining a witness this gentleman received a "wire" from the course, and reading it, exclaimed excitedly, "Why, So-and-So has won the Derby!" Whereupon Baron Martin at once reproved him for his conduct, saying: "It is very unseemly, Mr. A—, that in the course of solemn judicial proceedings, where a man's liberty and reputation are at stake, you should be talking of the winner of the Derby. Er—by the way, did the telegram say what was second and third?" On one occasion, Baron Martin was trying a certain man for murder. The accused was undoubtedly guilty, and the judge summed up strongly for a verdict of "wilful murder." But the jury, as juries generally do, preferred to take refuge in the middle course, and found the prisoner guilty only of manslaughter. Baron Martin looked astonished, and then disgusted, at what he considered a clear miscarriage of justice. Addressing the accused in stern, uncompromising tones, he delivered the following very terse oration: "Prisoner at the bar: you're the very luckiest man I ever came near: take penal servitude for life!"

### Mark Twain Near Tears.

MARK TWAIN was recently invited to revisit Reno, Nev., and attend the Fourth of July celebration. The invitation stirred his memory of the days he spent in the Rockies in the early sixties, although he found that it would be impossible for him to make the trip. In replying to the invitation, he recalled some of the memories of his experiences, and showed that the lapse of time had not caused them to become dimmed. His characteristic communication is as follows:

In the Mountains, New Hampshire, May 24, 1905.

Dear Mr. Fulton,—I remember, as if it were yesterday, that when I disembarked from the overland stage in front of the Ormsby in Carson City, in August, 1861, I was not expecting to be asked to come again. I was tired, discouraged, white with alkali dust, and did not know anybody; and if you had said then, "Cheer up, desolate stranger, don't be downhearted—pass on and come again in 1905," you can not think how grateful I would have been and how gladly I would have closed the contract. Although I was not expecting to be invited, I was watching for it, and was hurt and disappointed when you started to ask me and changed it to "How soon are you going away?" for I was an orphan at that time, and had been one so many years that I was getting sensitive about it.

But you have made it all right now, and the wound is closed. And so I thank you sincerely for the invitation; and with you, all Reno, and if I were a few years younger I would accept it, and promptly. I would go. I would let somebody else do the oration, but as for me I would talk—just talk. I would renew my youth; and talk—and talk—and have the time of my life! I would march the unforgotten and unforgettable antiques by, and name their names, and give them reverent hail and farewell as they passed: Goodwin, McCarthy, Gillis, Curry, Baldwin, Winters, Howard, Nye, Stewart, Neely, Johnson, Hal Clayton, Jones, North, Rooth, and my brother upon whom be peace! And then the desperadoes, who made life a joy and the "slaughter-house" a precious possession: Sam Brown, "Farmer Pete," Bill Mayfield, "Six-Fingered Jake," Jack Williams, and the rest of the crimson disciples—so on, so on. Believe me, I would start a resurrection it would do you more good to look at than the next one will, if you go on the way you are doing now.

Those were the days—those old ones! They will come no more. Youth will come no more. They were full to the brim with the wine of life. There have been no others like them. It chokes me up to think of them. Would you like me to come out there and cry? It would not become my white head.

Good-by, I drink to you all. Have a good time—and take an old man's blessing.

MARK TWAIN.

### To the Point.

Now of course it was a sin  
For the girl to stick that pin  
In her waist.

But she didn't give a thought  
To the future, as she ought,  
In her haste.

So she knew no great alarm  
When she felt his manly arm  
Round her press.

Not until she heard his yell,  
And some words I cannot tell,  
Did she guess.

Now he handles her with care,  
For to squeeze he does not dare,  
Case of more.

For if love once has a taste  
Of a pin stuck in a waist,  
All is o'er.

F. C. P.

### The King of Spain and His People.

NINETEEN and a King! Could romance and responsibility be wedded more closely than in the person of this young monarch?

Time has still to put its seal on the character of King Alfonso, for he is in the plastic state of amiable and impulsive youth. These are qualities that compel affection, and neither Carlist nor Republican will deny that the Spaniards love their Sovereign. His very waywardness appeals to their imagination. During the strike at Barcelona he shook off his military escort and rode freely among the people. The retinue was alarmed for his safety, but, with the instinct of youth, Alfonso felt that trust begets trust, and that a monarch who shows himself fearless and sympathetic need fear no harm. Again, when he came upon the scene of a recent catastrophe and shouts of welcome interrupted the work of rescue, his response went straight to the heart.

"No 'Vivas!' Let's get the men out first!"

Englishmen are sometimes reproached with indifference to the glories of Spanish history, and with a disposition to judge the character of the Spaniard from Foxe's Book of Martyrs and Don Quixote. We have not forgotten, however, that to the militant race south of the Pyrenees we owe the Christian civilization of Europe. Had the Spaniards been made of feebler stuff, had they not for nearly eight centuries opposed an insuperable barrier to the northern march of the Moor, France might have been another Turkey, and from the lofty minaret of St. Paul's we might have heard the muezzin's call to prayer. If the Spaniard is still somewhat intolerant in matters of faith and is apt to regard any attack on the Roman Catholic Church as a menace to himself, may it not be ascribed to that very quality which drove the Crescent from the shores of Europe? By all the laws of heredity a Spaniard must be vehement in defence of his opinions.

Nor can we forget that towards the close of the sixteenth century Spain was the greatest Power in the world; that her empire rested on solid foundations, and that her ascendancy in America was so deeply rooted that to this day the creed, the language and the civilization of the States of South America remain essentially Spanish. The glories of colonial conquest are departed. In abandoning Germany the remnant of her possessions abroad, Spain showed not merely that she could endure calamity with dignity, but could subordinate sentiment to practical aims.

Valdes in one of his novels describes a Spanish grandee who, as long as he had a shirt to his back, would have slain the man who ventured to offer him assistance. A donkey ate his last shirt as it was driving in the courtyard, and the eyes of the Don were opened to the conviction that pride is not negotiable. He accepted the situation and made the most of it. And so with the nation, which holds that silence is better than lamentation. It has decided to make the best of its freedom from external troubles and responsibilities.

To imagine that Spain is a decaying nation is a mistake. Its population has doubled in the last century; its people are infinitely better off; its natural resources are great and undeveloped. How comes it, then, that the Spaniard allows himself to be beaten in the race for wealth? Victor Hugo was wont to say that Africa begins with the Pyrenees. This was his pregnant description of the unbusinesslike character of the Spaniard, who, after the manner of the Highlander, "can't be fished." Though individually capable of hard work and success in commerce, Spaniards cannot combine for the common good. It is notorious that they fail in the management of joint-stock companies. What is the reason? They are naturally suspicious of one another; they waste time in discussion; they multiply places and increase extravagance with the result that one day a foreign syndicate steps in and takes the place of unsuccessful native enterprise.

This is the tendency in almost every department of life. It is apparent in the system of education, which provides the outward semblance of culture and progress—splendid primary and secondary schools and universities—and offers no temptation to competent teachers. The same defect may be observed in the constitutional government of the land, which many enlightened Spaniards will tell you is a farce. So unstable are the Cabinets, so precarious is the tenure of office, that the wisest and most patriotic statesman has barely time to elaborate schemes of reform before he finds himself in the cold shades of opposition. This sense of insecurity reacts on the welfare of the country, and retards the development of its great mineral and agricultural resources. Capital and industry are shy of changes.

There are, however, unmistakable signs of improvement. Business men are demanding rigid economy in administration, reduced expenditure in various departments of State, and reform of the currency, which is a bar to commercial prosperity. Corruption still exists, but

no longer dares to raise its head in public places. This is one of the most hopeful portents, and may in a measure be ascribed to the loss of the colonies, which were too often a school for corruption. What Spain now needs for the development of her natural resources and for the encouragement of her thrifty and industrious people are stability of government and the impartial administration of justice. These reforms will lead to an influx of capital, which will restore the ruined irrigation works of the Moors and win back to cultivation the arid deserts of Andalusia and the central provinces; they will bring into the markets of the world the enormous mineral wealth of the country, and will restore to Spain much of her ancient fame and fortune.

The signs of the time are favorable. Under the wise direction of the Queen-mother, who still has a place in the affections of the people, Spain has kept clear of dangerous entanglements and has come to acknowledge the necessity for self-development and independence. The personal popularity of her son has strengthened the bond between the throne and the populace, and has convinced Carlist and Republican alike that in the maintenance of the existing form of government lies the only hope of permanent peace and prosperity.—William Maxwell in London Daily Mail.

### "God."

#### Derzhavins' Beautiful Lyrical Sermon.

Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin, a Russian lyrical poet, was born in Kasan, July 3, 1743, and died July 6, 1816. The following poem has been translated, not only into many European languages, but into those of China and Japan. It is said to have been hung up in the palace of the Emperor of China, printed in gold letters on white satin.

O Thou eternal One, whose presence bright all space doth occupy, all motion guide; unchanged through time's all-devastating flight! thou only God—there is no God beside! Being above all beings! mighty One, whose none can comprehend and none explore; who fill'st existence with Thyself alone, embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er; being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research philosophy may measure out the ocean deep, may count the sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for Thee there is no weight nor measure; none can mount up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark, though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try to trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark; and thought is lost ere thought can soar so high, even like past moments in eternity.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand, wander unwearied through the blue abyss; they own Thy power, accomplish Thy command, all gay with life, all eloquent with bliss. What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—a glorious company of golden streams—lamps of celestial ether burning bright—suns lighting systems with their joyous beams? But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

The chain of being is complete in me, in me is matter's last gradation lost, and the next step is spirit—Deity! I can command the lightning and am dust! A monarch and a slave, a worm, a god! Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously constructed and conceived? unknown! this cold lives surely through some higher energy; for from itself alone it could not be! O, visions blest! O, thoughts ineffable! O, visions blest! Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee, yet shall Thy shadowy image fill our breast, and waft its homage to Thy Deity. God! this alone my lowly thoughts can soar, thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good! 'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore; and when the tongue is eloquent no more the soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

### Fabulous Treasure Belonging to the Church in France.

The Minister of Worship, M. Bienvenu Martin, recently sent a circular letter to all the prefects of the French provinces ordering that an inventory of all the works of art belonging to the French churches should be made. The results obtained were simply amazing, showing the artistic patrimony of the Church in France to be valued at not less than \$750,000,000. The tapestries of Beauvais alone are worth a king's ransom. A few faded chairs which were sold last year brought in \$125,000. The Rheims cathedral possesses many precious reliquaries, one given by Henry II., and a chasuble presented by the Grand Monarque; but for intrinsic as well as artistic worth the "treasure of Conques" takes the palm. It is a golden statue encrusted with precious jewels seated in a gold and silver chair, which is a unique specimen of art and is valued at \$6,500,000. After the bill of separation becomes law all these works of art remain the inalienable property of the State.

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City ticket offices, Yonge St. (1 dock and A. F. Webster, King and Yonge Streets. Book tickets on sale at 14 Front St. East only.

Ticket Office,  
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East.

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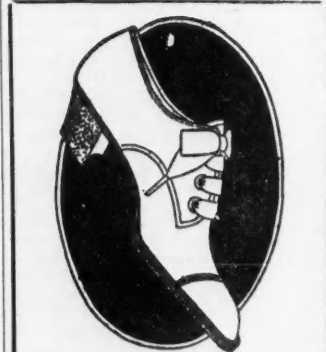
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# MUSIC

THE Kitties' Band, of Belleville, made quite a popular impression at their three concerts in Massey Hall last week. Naturally there was much local curiosity to hear a Canadian band, that reports said had appeared with much success in England and the United States. They number fifty players of experience and discourse music in a manner free from effeminacy of affectation, but on the contrary full of energetic life and strenuous sound. At the opening concert on Friday evening, Wagner's pompous and pretentious overture to *Kienzi* and the introduction to the third act of *Lohengrin* were the principal numbers, and in these the elemental force of the tone of the band had full opportunity to be conspicuous. Several lighter pieces, notably Godfrey's arrangement of *Scottish Songs* and the *Gems of Gounod*, made special hits. The soloists of the band revealed distinction in tone and technique. Mr. J. ray produced a fine rich tone from his euphonium in *Funeral March* and *Love Song*, and Mr. John A. Luck, cornettist, cleverly executed the brilliant complications of the *W. H. and A. V. O. A.* The vocalist, Mr. J. Coates Lockhart, tenor, won an enthusiastic recall for his earnest rendering of *I will Love her* and *Love her*, and as an encore gave *The March of the Cameron Men*, what may be termed the "side shows" of the band, viz., the Clan Johnston troupe, who danced with agility the Scotch reel, Irish jig and sailor's hornpipe, and Mr. Albert Johnston, bagpipe soloist, were received with boisterous demonstrations of approval. On Dominion Day the band gave appropriate selections, including the *Maple Leaf*. Mr. William Peel, the conductor, proved himself at all three concerts to be a steady, careful director. The band will shortly commence a tour of the principal United States cities.

Dr. and Mrs. Torrington will next week go to Peck's Island, there to pass the remainder of the vacation.

In a book of memoirs just published, Professor Walter Macfarren, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, has an anecdote concerning the critic Gruenigen, who wrote so inelegantly that when he died the composers of the various journals for which he wrote gave a dinner to celebrate the event.

Richard Sternfeld, professor of history at the University of Berlin, has written a book on Germany's two greatest dramatists, Schiller and Wagner, in which he traces a remarkable parallel between their career, characteristics and aims. Both were exiles from their homes, both were rescued from distress by royal patrons and by the friendship of Goethe in one case, of Liszt in the other. The thoughts of both were centered on the stage, and for it they did their best work. Both wanted to make the theater an educational and an almost sacred institution. Professor Sternfeld proceeds to compare the plays of the two men, *Kienzi* with *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein* with the *Nibelung's Ring*, *Parsifal* with the *Jungfrau von Orleans* (Joan of Arc), and so on.

Music in the elementary schools of England is evidently making progress. A London manufacturer recently received an order for 102 pianofortes from the Lancashire County Council for use in their schools.

Mr. Amherst, Webber, who is known in New York as Jean de Reszke's private pianist, has had the good fortune of having his opera, *Flora*, produced in London, where it appears to have made a good impression. It should not, however, some think, have been put forward as a specifically English opera, for it is said to follow the Italian Puccini closely as a model. The critic of the *London World* failed to find British characteristics in the score, and made the following comment: "I have been told it (Webber's opera) is British because of the admirable solidity of some of the counterpoint. Poor British music! What it suffers at the hands of its friends! Why, our worst enemy could not have suggested any more shattering condemnation. Even the so-called patriotic British musicians surely must know by this time that the belief in irrelevant contrapuntal dexterity as the be-all and end-all of music, and the translation of that belief into deplorable practice, has made much of our native music the lifeless, unlovely thing that it is."

An unknown opera by the composer of *Carmen* has been discovered in Paris. It is an Italian opera, entitled *Don Procopio*, which Bizet composed at Rome in 1859, when he was twenty-one years old, and recipient of the Grand Prix. He sent the score to the director of the conservatory, Auber, who little suspected that this was the first work of one destined to eclipse even his fame. It was placed on the shelves among thousands

of other manuscripts. After the death of Auber, his heirs sold all these, and it was only recently that they were submitted to examination by an expert, who restored the Bizet score to the conservatory. The publisher Choudens has had a copy made of it, and it will have its first performance at Monte Carlo.

Glasgow boasts a veteran musician, who in point of years is within hail of the centenarian Manuel Garcia. Mr. James Robson, teacher of singing in the Hutcheson's Boys' School, entered recently upon his ninety-sixth year, and a few weeks ago conducted a school concert. He still instructs his classes twice a week.

Herr August Wilhelmj will remain in Toronto during the summer and devote his time to preparing his pupils for their first recital, to be given early in the fall.

The Hamilton Times of June 30 says: "A most enjoyable song recital was given in the C. M. B. A. Hall, James street south, on Wednesday evening by the pupils of Mrs. Mildred Walker, before a large and enthusiastic audience. The pupils acquitted themselves in a manner highly creditable to their teacher and in almost every case encores were demanded. Those taking part were: Mrs. Frank Weaver, Mrs. Nelson, Miss Anna Carroll, Hazel Bell, May Devine, Ethel Sherrie, Marie Laliberti, Antoinette Laliberti, Josephine Bridgeland, Katie Rock, Charlotte Carey, May Doyle, Francis Bealey, Francis O'Brien, and Mr. Frank Nancekivell.

The recital given by pupils of Frank C. Smith, in the hall of R. S. Williams, 143 Yonge street, attracted an overflowing audience, who followed the programme with keen interest and enjoyment. The playing of the pupils reflected much credit upon Mr. Smith's ability and methods as a violin instructor.

Mr. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' Church, will spend his holidays in Muskoka. He will give correspondence lessons in theory during July and August.

## Books Received.

*Partners of the Tide.* By Joseph C. Lincoln. (Morang & Co., Limited, Toronto.)  
*On the Firing Line.* By Anna Chapin Ray. (The Mussion Book Co., Limited, Toronto.)  
*A Knot of Blue.* By William R. A. Wilson. (The Mussion Book Co., Limited, Toronto.)  
*My Lady Clancarty.* By Mary Imlay Taylor. (The Mussion Book Co., Limited, Toronto.)  
*Mrs. Darrell.* By Foxcroft Davis. (Morang & Co., Limited, Toronto.)  
*Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story.* By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick. (Morang & Co., Limited, Toronto.)  
*A Pageant of Life.* By Gamaliel

Bradford, jr. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)  
*Pipes and Timbrels.* By W. J. Henderson. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)  
*The Harem and Other Poems.* By Aloysius Coll. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)  
*Interludes.* By Philip Becker Goetz. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)  
*Canada in the Twentieth Century.* By A. G. Bradley. (Morang & Co., Limited, Toronto.)  
*Marcelle, an Historical Novel.* By Hampden Burham. (William Briggs, Toronto.)  
*Justin Wingate, Ranchman.* By John H. Whitson. (The Mussion Book Co., Limited, Toronto.)  
*Stray Leaves from a Soul's Book.* (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)  
*Girdle of Gladness.* By Arad Joy Sebring. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)  
*The Judgment of Paris.* By Peter Fandel. (The Poet Lore Company, Boston.)  
*Sound and Motion in Wordsworth's Poetry.* By May Tomlinson. (The Poet Lore Company, Boston.)  
*The Elegies of Tibullus.* By Theodore C. Williams. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)  
*Vigorous Daint, Billionaire.* By Ambrose Pratt. (The Mussion Book Co., Limited, Toronto.)  
*The Voyaguer.* By William Henry Drummond. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

## "The Blue Jay."

The crisp August number of *The Blue Jay*, which has just been received, should be popular with readers who, however opposed to the principles of Mrs. Korerism in general, crave a light literary diet during the summer months. *The Blue Jay* prints nothing but short stories and verse, and these have been selected with discrimination and a view to suiting all tastes. *Ali Baba*, of *Babylon, Alabama*, by Frank Lillie Pollock, and *The Trouble at the White Witch*, by C. Ross Frame, are cleverly written tales of adventure. *The Picket*, by C. D. Robertson, is a sketch which is pathetic without being maudlin, while bona-fide humor of various types is furnished by R. W. Deacon in *The Salvation of Troop "B,"* Bert Thorne's *St. Simplicius, Skinfint*, and Hubert McBean Johnston's *Amos Smith, Editor*. Poems by Archibald Lampman and S. D. Dummage complete as bright a number as summer girl or summer man could desire.

## Patient, Indeed.

The old colored deacon accosted the parson on the roadside. "Pahson," he began, "Ah want to ask yo' a question. Who was de most patient man on earf?" "Why, bruddah," responded the parson, "Job was, ob co'se." "No, sah! Ah tell yo' Noah was." "En how do yo' make dat out?" "Why, Noah had two skeeters on de ark, en carried dem around four forty days en nights. Ef he could resist slappin' at dem all dat time, he was de most patient man on earf."

During his recent journey to Washington to attend the opening of the Fifty-eighth Congress, Representative "Tim" Sullivan of New York desired the dusky attendant in the buffet car to fetch him some soft-boiled eggs. When they were brought, the New York man at once perceived that the eggs were very much underdone. "What time are we making on this train?" asked he of the attendant. "About fifty miles an hour, sir," was the reply. "Then," quietly observed Sullivan, "if you will boil these eggs another mile, they'll be all right."—*Collier's Weekly.*

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Season tickets admitting to all privileges of the Park \$2.50; children 9 and under 14 years, \$1.00; under 9 free; single admission 15 cents. For programmes or other information, write

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Canadian Tennis Championship Tournament, week of July 4th.

Automobile Garage with all accessories.

### The Problem of Burial Alive.

Perhaps with the exception of the fear of punishment after death, there has been nothing in the history of human thought that has caused greater terror than the dread of being buried alive. Many of us can remember how as children the darkness had a nameless terror for us, because of this dreaded nightmare. And it has not been an uncommon thing for strong and hardy men who would laugh at death in any other form, to confess frankly that the awfulness of that smothering sensation had for them a terror that was more than physical. In fact, though it may seem a strange alternative, there have been those who have advocated cremation of the dead in order to preclude the possibility of interment alive.

France has been especially interested in the problem, and it was not so very long ago that a valuable prize was offered there for tests that would prove beyond possible chance of error whether or not the subject was still alive.

In this connection the following, which appears in *Current Literature* for July, is of interest.

A strong protest against suppressions of the facts in cases of burial alive is entered by the *Paris Journal*, which sees reason to fear that "a natural reluctance" to "harrow the feelings of the living" has kept the public in ignorance of a problem that has assumed in some countries "menacing proportions." It gives, as one instance among others lately brought to its attention, details of the premature interment of a youth of eighteen. He was subject to epileptic fits, during which he would at times lie as one dead. In France a funeral is seldom postponed more than forty-eight hours, and in the present case the family and friends, convinced of the death of the youth, at once began preparations for the interment. The doctor who gave the certificate of death had not seen the body. Three days after the interment, another grave was dug near that in which the young man had been interred. "The grave-digger thought he heard groans," it is asserted that groans were also heard on three consecutive days, but nothing was done until nine days after the presumed death of the youth. The mayor of the town then heard of the circumstances and visited the cemetery with the police. The coffin was opened and the deceased was found lying on his right side. "He had nearly turned over on his stomach and during his agony, which it is thought must have lasted at least three days, he had gnawed off a portion of his thumbs."

Not a whit less impressive—although the victim on this occasion was fortunate enough to escape—is the case of a young married woman in England. The undertaker who was called to measure her for her coffin, according to the *London Standard*, which relates the story, "was greatly startled to observe a twitching of the eyelid."

"With an exclamation of surprise, he placed his hand over the woman's heart, but all was still, not the slightest pulsation being discernible. The next instant the twitching was repeated in even more pronounced fashion. Surely there must be life in the body, he thought, but still it seemed absurd to entertain any such idea. How could the woman have lain for over six hours in an icy room with no covering except a nightdress and a sheet, and still live? It seemed incredible, but the eyes had twitched. There could be no doubt of that. If any possibility of animation remained, it was worth an effort to try to restore the woman to life."

"Mr. Waddington is a man of powerful physique, over six feet in height. To him, with the aid of Gough, it was an easy task to resort to the usual methods of promoting artificial respiration. After a time his efforts were rewarded. Slowly, and with trembling uncertainty, an arm was raised, glassy eyes quivered in ghostly fashion, and a hand still deathly cold clutched at his own. It was a startling experience, even for an undertaker accustomed to move among the dead, and Mr. Waddington would not like it to be repeated speedily. The neighbors were hastily summoned and

warm blankets and hot-water-bottles applied, and after a few hours of such treatment the woman was so far revived as to be able to speak. The doctor was sent for, and he administered fresh restoratives. The woman recognized the doctor and spoke to him."

Incidents of this kind are far more common in civilized countries to-day than the layman suspects, familiar as he may be with stories of premature burial, it is averred in the newly issued second edition of *Premature Burial*, by William Tebb, F.R.G.S., and Colonel Edward Perry Vollum, M.D., late medical inspector in the United States army. The authors point out the desirability of "waiting mortuaries" such as exist in many German cities, the establishments in question being supplied with every appliance for resuscitation, while qualified attendants, in telephonic communication with a medical superintendent, are ready for instant action should that become advisable. A writer in the *London Standard* avers that the authors of this book have conferred a lasting service upon mankind.

In some cases of coma, trance, catalepsy, etc., the activity of the vital functions is suspended in a way which so exactly simulates death that, to all outward appearance, even medical experts may be deceived. Many cases are recorded in this book in which the victims of these death counterfeits have very narrowly escaped live sepulture, whilst many others have been actually consigned to this ghastly doom, as shown by the most confirmatory evidence, such as, in vaults, the body being found out of the coffin, and, in upturned graveyards, a changed position, in the coffin clenched fists full of hair, bitten and mangled flesh, and the grave clothes torn to shreds. And when it is remembered what few exhumations ever take place, the conclusion seems warranted that the number of such cases thus brought to light can be but a small portion of those in which these awful post-burial death struggles really take place, and whose only witnesses are the boards of the coffin which imprison the victims. High medical and other authority is given for the statement that the only certain sign of death is putrefactive decomposition and that all other known tests, either singly or combined, may fail to prove its presence."

### Announcement.

Expecting guests to a dinner, the host gave instructions to his negro servant to announce distinctly the names of the guests as they came. The first arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald and family of eight. The servant began: "Mr. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss Fitzgerald, Mr. Frederick Fitzgerald," and so on until he had announced all the names, whereupon the host went up to him and told him to try to announce them in a shorter way if possible. The next to come were Mr. and Miss Penny. The servant was just about to announce them as before, when he remembered his master's instructions, so he called out, "Three Pennies."—*Smith's Magazine*.



A REFLECTION.

Unskilled Rider—Homesickness is unpleasant in a man—but it's frightful when it seizes a horse.—*Fliegende Blätter*.



TOTTER WAY ROUND.

He—That's Lady Passeh. She's got an action on at the Courts, asking for \$5,000 damages.  
She—Damages! I should have thought she'd have asked for repairs.—*Punch*.

## Trousers



We like to show our Trousers to the man who thinks he can't be pleased.

Anyone can suit the fellow who is easily satisfied, but it takes good workmanship, honest material and the best of Tailoring experience to suit the really

### Careful Dresser

We have pleased the particular man for some time, and we'll not fail to do so this Summer.

Ask him what he thinks of the last pair of Trousers we sold him. It's dollars to doughnuts that he'll tell you they're better than the best he ever bought before.

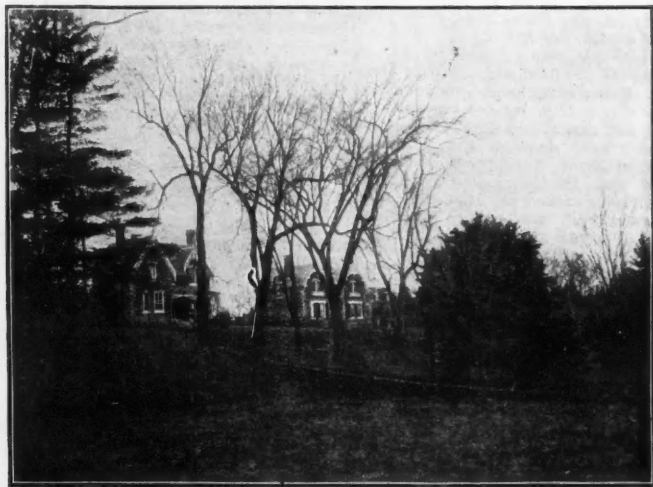
### We Have Excelled Ourselves

this season in our assortment of Trousers to choose from. It's time to buy now—while the variety is large. Trousers at \$3, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5, or \$6 up to \$8. If anything goes wrong they're our Trousers—not yours. You take no chances here.

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Price \$3500—\$1500 Cash, balance on mortgage at 4 1/2 per cent. interest for a term of five years. Apply to R. H. Pringle, Vendor's Solicitor, Brampton.

### Boucior Conversation.

"I'm up against it," said the wall-paper.  
"Hard luck," replied the horseshoe over the door.  
"Cut it out," cried the scissors.  
"Well, I've been walked on lately, too," remarked the carpet.  
"I'll get someone to look into this," said the mirror.  
"Needn't," said the desk, "I haven't any kick. Everything is all write for mine."  
"Oh, shut up," shouted the window-shutters.  
Whereupon the gas became very angry and, after flaring up, got hot under the collar, and saying that he refused to throw any light on the matter, went out.

### The Epigrammatist.

Economy may be the road to wealth, but no one ever became wealthy by economy alone.  
A suit for divorce is simply an autopsy on poor little Cupid's remains.  
Wealth is no more an evidence of refinement than costly churches are of their congregations' piety.  
The worst tyrants are those who have been emancipated from tyranny.  
The man who joins a church to secure the patronage of its members is grand marshal in the parade of hypocrites.  
Beauty when unadorned is all right in art museums, but no woman was ever made ugly by a handsome gown.  
A woman to be perfectly happy must feel that she has had something to do with reforming the man she loves.—*Smith's Magazine*.

Miss Knight (to new acquaintance whose name she did not catch)—Etymology of names is my favorite study. My theory is that all names indicate what the person's ancestors were. For instance, my ancestors were knights, and so forth. I think it's the best way to tell what a person is, don't you? New acquaintance—Well, no, I don't. You see, my name is Hogg.

### Mary.

Mary, when that little child Lay upon your heart at rest, Did the thorns, Maid mother mild, Pierce your breast?  
Mary, when that little child Softly kissed your cheek benign, Did you know, O Mary mild, Judas' sign?  
Mary, when that little child Cooed and prattled at your knee, Did you see with heart-beat wild, Calvary?  
ROSE TRUMBULL.

Dyer—If you were writing to a titled person, what would you say? Ryer—Pleas remit.

Misfortune teaches a man who are his true friends. It also makes him lonesome.





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### Upper Canada College.

The following is a list of prizes awarded in the recent examinations.

The McLaughlin Scholarship, R. K. Gordon.

The W. R. Brock prizes in Scripture study—Upper school, I. W. Dobson; 2, F. F. Beatty. Lower school, I. R. Christie; 2, L. Ellis.

The J. Herbert Mason medals—Gold, W. Dobson; Silver, G. R. Davis.

The Harris prize (for History)—A. B. Rows.

The Parkin prizes—VI Form, W. Dobson; IV Form, J. M. de C. O'Grady.

The J. J. Kingsmill prize (Latin Prose Composition)—R. K. Gordon.

Dr. Mackenzie's prize for Knowledge of the Laws of Health—J. R. Cox.

Form U. V.—General Proficiency (George W. Beardmore prize), I. P. W. Beatty; 2, B. Hannah. Classics, P. W. Beatty. Moderns, I. (B. Hannah); 2, G. R. Davis. Mathematics, I. (P. W. Beatty); 2, B. Hannah. Science, A. B. LeMesurier.

Form L. V.—General Proficiency (George W. Beardmore prize), I. J. H. Douglas; 2, E. C. Sheppard. Classics, J. H. Douglas. Mathematics, J. R. Douglas. Moderns, E. C. Sheppard. Science, K. D. Marlatt.

Form IV. A.—General Proficiency (George W. Beardmore prize), I. M. S. Madden; 2, R. C. Coatsworth. Classics, R. C. Coatsworth. Moderns, (R. C. Coatsworth); 2, M. S. Madden. Mathematics, J. S. Beatty. Science, F. H. N. Mewburn. A. S. McArthur. English, (R. C. Coatsworth); G. D. Greene. W. E. Newton.

Form IV. B.—General Proficiency (George W. Beardmore prize), F. B. Casey. Classics, F. B. Casey. Moderns, F. R. Peters. Mathematics, R. New. Science, L. H. H. Spence. English, P. Aeland.

Form III. C.—General Proficiency (George W. Beardmore prize), G. L. Watt. Commercial Subjects, G. L. Watt. Mathematics, H. E. Adams. Moderns, H. E. Adams.

Form III. A.—General Proficiency (George W. Beardmore prize), I. Oughton; 2, H. Blake. Classics, Oughton. Moderns, R. K. George. Mathematics, D. M. Goldie. History and Geography, D. M. Goldie.

Form III. B.—General Proficiency (George W. Beardmore prize), I. A. Coatsworth; 2, E. Frankel. Classics, A. Coatsworth. Moderns, J. L. Webster. Mathematics, (A. Coatsworth); E. L. Frankel. History and Geography, L. D. Ellis.

Form III. C.—General Proficiency (George W. Beardmore prize), I. A. J. Burkart; 2, G. E. Saunders. Moderns, S. G. Riordan. Mathematics, A. E. Jackes.

Form II. — General Proficiency (George W. Beardmore prize), I. W. B. Caldwell; 2, P. M. Gonsaulus. Classics, W. B. Caldwell. French, (W. B. Caldwell); G. O. Thom. Mathematics, F. J. Mulqueen. English, H. T. Bird. History and Geography, H. T. Bird.

### PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Form III.—General Proficiency, J. M. Macdonald. Latin, G. L. B. Mackenzie. French, (G. L. B. Mackenzie); J. K. Crown. Mathematics, G. L. B. Mackenzie. English, I. M. Macdonald. Drawing, A. A. Walker.

Form II.—General Proficiency, E. P. Muntz. Latin, R. B. Gibson. Mathematics, E. P. Muntz. English, G. E. Massey. Drawing, A. A. Drummond. French, R. B. Gibson.

Form I. A.—General Proficiency, G. C. Macdonald. Latin, G. G. Garmann. French, I. B. C. Garmann. Mathematics, A. F. S. Grant. (J. B. C. Garmann); J. E. S. Grant.

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Form I. J.—General Proficiency, G. C. Macdonald. Latin, G. G. Garmann. French, I. B. C. Garmann. Mathematics, A. F. S. Grant. (J. B. C. Garmann); J. E. S. Grant.



A MARTINET.

Peppery Captain—The first man who speaks I punish! Even if it is not the one!—Punch.

### Marriage is a Subject no Discussion Can Exhaust.

NOTHING makes such delightful reading as the discussion of the marriage question. Matrimony is one of the most popular institutions in the world, and although enough books have been written about it to fill to overflowing the old Alexandrian library, its interest for the ordinary man and the ordinary woman is in no danger of abatement. It is a live issue, a burning question to-day as it was when Solomon set down the results of his wide experience, and it will be just as violently agitated when this generation and the next have passed into oblivion.

The old Greeks who gathered around Socrates' knee to hear him discourse on marriage were just as well instructed in the matter as the modern co-eds who give ear gravely to the learned matrimonial dissertations of some spec- tated professor in a richly endowed university. The spice and cotton merchants who tarried in the market-places of Anatolia and Mosul to hear the Arabian tell the tale which Scheherazade related to the Sultan on the nine hundredth night heard about the same cynical story of woman's frailty and man's perfidy as the raconteur of to-day draws out with wink and smile to his club cronies. For man and woman are the same now as then, and marriage has changed but little.

The world of to-day laughs at the ancient ideas of natural history and medicine and geography; it regards them no more than it does the ancient theology. But when it comes to marriage—to the connubial relations of man and woman—it has nothing new to offer. Epictetus and Plutarch are just as modern as Stuart Mill and Grover Cleveland; Omar

is no whit behind Max Nordau. The world was still young when Hesiod wrote, yet the poets of this century who sing of love have no notes that escaped him. In this regard the world seems to be very much like the old maid of comedy. This popular character—whether she is ever duplicated in real life is an invidious question—thinks, looks and speaks nothing but marriage from the rise to the fall of the curtain. So with the world. Its fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of love and marriage from the earliest years that have left records for posterity.

Though threshed out by writers and talkers in every age of the world, the eternal question retains its popularity. Every phase of it is discussed with unabated enthusiasm. One day it is the advisability of early marriages; another, it is the theory—which is not original with George Meredith—of short-term marriages. While some ask whether the college man makes a good husband, others are anxious to know whether the college girl makes a good mother. President Roosevelt renders one aspect of the question interesting; ex-President Cleveland stirs up a hornet's nest by commenting on another.

Rightly or wrongly, a tradition has grown up that marriage is the crowning event of woman's life, and that domesticity is her career. Until that tradition is shattered the ladies will continue to talk and write on this attractive theme. And even when the ladies tire of it, the men will still have many things to add to the mass of information we already possess on the subject.

### A New Thing in Missouri.

A Missouri newspaper has published the Ten Commandments by request. This literary selection is a new thing in Mis-

## A Smooth, Level Floor.

Considering the advantages in a hardwood floor—that is, the comfort, cleanliness, appearance, levelness, smoothness, durability and healthfulness—it pays for itself the first year.

Cracks in the ordinary floor hold dirt and disease, make carpets necessary, always look uncouth, and are so uneven from warping that tables and chairs seldom set square on their legs.

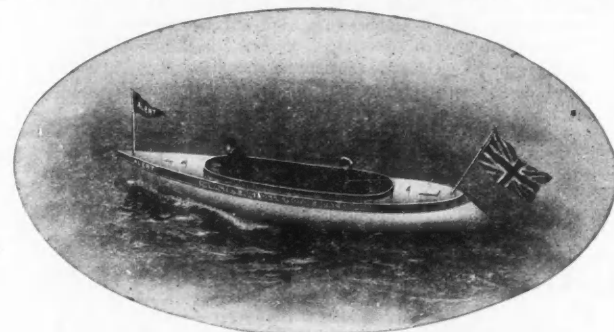
Hardwood floors are perfect in every way.

The United Arts & Crafts make a specialty this season of laying hardwood floors in plain or quarter-cut oak, at very reasonable prices.

They guarantee quick and perfect work. Call and enquire at the Studio.

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Studio: Suite 32, 33, 34 Lawlor Building,  
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**SAFE - SURE - STEADY**

The best is the cheapest.—Give our boats a trial.

**The Walter Nicholls Motor Boat Co., Limited**  
OFFICE: Old Royal Canadian Yacht Club Wharf—Foot of York St.

souri, and there are indications that it will have a great run. It is already attracting the attention of some of the sensational ministers in that State, and the discovery that the commandments are not copyrighted will allow all the little weeklies to make a strong feature of them. The best plan for

Missouri would seem to be to run the ten as a serial and give the people about half of one at a dose. They would never be able to take the two tablets as they were delivered to Moses without fatal results.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

### To Portland and Old Orchard

Two of the most popular summer and tourist resorts in the Eastern Provinces. The weather during the summer months is delightful. The Grand Trunk, on their fast "International Limited," leaving Toronto at 9 a.m., have through Pullman sleeper to Portland, and direct connection is made at Montreal with Pullman sleeper to Old Orchard. Café parlor car Toronto to Montreal. Or you can leave Toronto in Pullman sleeper at 10:30 p.m., connecting at Montreal in the morning with parlor car to Portland and Old Orchard. Special tourist rates in effect daily. Portland and return, \$25.50. Old Orchard, \$26.00. For tickets, reservations, and further information, call at Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

### Her Idea.

The following extract from a school girl's essay comes from a High school in India, and was published in the monthly magazine of the school: "King Henry 8. was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anna Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives, besides children. The 1st was beheaded, the 2d was revoked. She never smiled again. But she said the word 'Calais' would be found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garrett Wolsey. He was surnamed the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of fifteen unmarried. Henry 8. was succeeded on the throne by his great Grand Mother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."—New York Tribune.

### Unmade History.

The ending of the Protective Tariff was dramatic.

One day a fleet of Japanese warships appeared in New York harbor.

"We've come," shouted the admiral in command, "to open your country to the civilized world!"

From that time forward, Americans had no more to pay than anybody else for goods made in their own country.—Life.

### Justifiable Discretion.

Mr. Timothy Woodruff says that in a town "up the State" there are two Irish men who for some time have been on bad terms with each other. Not long ago Flaherty had, according to the notions of his friends, been the recipient of what could be deemed nothing else than an insult from the other Irishman. So they urged upon him the desirability of vindicating his honor by promptly chastising his ancient enemy.

But it would appear that Flaherty was a man of some prudence for, said he, "He's more than me equal. Look at the size of him! The man's a giant!"

"Very well," responded a friend, disgusted by Flaherty's exhibition of weakness. "I've him go—that is if you're wantin' people roin' about sayin' that you're a coward."

"Well, I dunno," responded Flaherty, placidly. "At any rate, I'd rather have him sayin' that than the day after tomorrow exclaimin' 'How natural Flaherty looks!'"—Collier's Weekly.

## Kay's July Furniture Sale



**Great Price Reduction  
on Furniture and  
Upholstery  
During July.**

THE Furniture Section of this great business has now attained such proportions that we have been compelled to provide additional floor space by annexing a flat in the building adjoining us to the east, and workmen are busy tearing down the dividing wall. When alterations are completed our furniture display will occupy the whole of three immense flats and large portions of two others.

This rapid growth from the small beginnings of four years ago is gratifying evidence that our efforts to provide reliable furniture good in design and moderate in price are appreciated.

During this month we stimulate trade by price reductions of a radical character, as witness this list of a few representative items.

### Dining-Room

No. 208—Mahogany Plate Rack, a choice Colonial design; regular \$12.50, July sale price **9.50**

No. 365 R—Mahogany Sideboard, fitted with 6 drawers and 2 cupboards; regular \$65.00, July sale price **52.50**

No. 791—Mahogany Sideboard, very choice, conveniently arranged with wine drawer, cutlery and linen drawers, cupboards, etc. Regular \$80.00, July sale price **50.00**

No. 1.—Sideboard, an early English design, in golden oak; regular \$52.50, sale price **40.00**

No. 30.—Buffet, in golden oak, with cellarette; regular \$45.00, sale price **30.00**

No. 415.—Buffet, in golden oak, with open shelves and cupboards; regular \$24.00, sale price **20.00**

No. 7.—Sideboard, a good Colonial design, in golden oak; regular \$52.50, sale price **45.00**

### Parlor

No. 344—Inlaid Mahogany Secretary. An exceptionally fine piece of Cabinet work, suitable for drawing room or sitting room, regular \$120.00, July sale price **90.00**

No. 50—Fancy Reception Chair, a charming French design in Silk Brocade. Regular \$25.00, July sale price **15.00**

No. 202—Italian Arm Chairs (two only), upholstered in velvet; regular \$25.00 each, sale price **15.00**

No. 203—Italian Small Chair to match, upholstered in velvet; regular \$20.00, sale price **10.00**

No. 374—Mahogany Easy Chair, with handsomely carved frame and rich upholstery; regular \$50.00, sale price **38.00**

No. 605—Colonial Sofa, upholstered in silk brocade; regular \$45.00, sale price **30.00**

No. 200—Sofa and Arm Chair, two comfortable pieces, well upholstered and covered in fancy cotton; regular \$55.00, sale price **36.50**

### Bed-Room

No. 1074—Cheffonier in fine mahogany, with inlaid lines; regular \$55.00, July sale price **35.00**

No. 252 R—Toilet Glass, in mahogany, with oval mirror and trinket boxes; regular \$7.50, July sale price **5.00**

No. 1894—Dressing Table in mahogany, a charming design, with oval mirror; regular \$42.50, July sale price **30.00**

No. 106—Dresser, in fine mahogany, a quaint Colonial design; regular \$40.00, July sale price **30.00**

No. 1261—Bedstead, an exceedingly handsome mahogany four poster, richly carved; regular \$250.00, July sale price **175.00**

No. 60—Cheffonier. Has eight wide drawers. A handsomely carved and massive piece of furniture; regular \$150.00, July sale price **115.00**

Our new Catalogue is ready for mailing. Out-of-town residents should write us for a copy.

**JOHN KAY, SON & CO.**

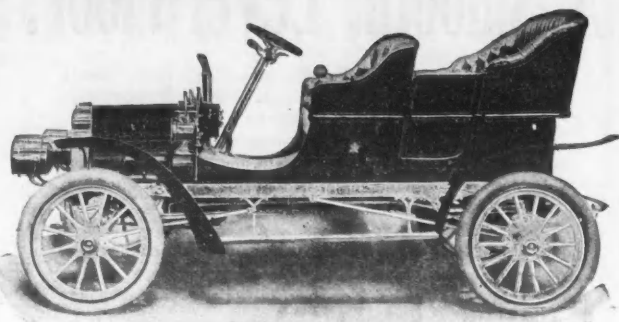
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36-38 King Street West

During this sale the price of Kay's Special Hair Mattresses will be \$14.00 instead of \$17.50.



## THE TEST



The test of an Automobile is its power to withstand hard usage and make time over hard roads. The "RUSSELL" has proved its worth under such conditions. It is a car built for Canadian Roads. Has power to save for tough spots. Is most comfortable to ride in. Don't buy an Automobile without testing the "RUSSELL."

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12 to 14 horse power, double cylinder opposed engine—situated under the bonnet in front, driving through a slide gear transmission with three speeds forward and one reverse. Bevel gear drive direct to rear axle. 90 inch wheel base. Wheels 30 x 3 1/2 inches. Gasoline capacity for 200 miles. Body of handsome design with side entrance tonneau, which is also easily detachable so as to be used for runabout purposes. Color—Ultramarine blue body with light running gear. Equipment—Two oil lamps, tail lamp horn. Price—\$1,500.

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**THE MASTER NUMMER**—By E. P. OPPENHEIM. Paper, 75c; Cloth, \$1.25.  
**THE BLACK BARQUE**—By T. JENKINS HAINS. Paper, 75c; Cloth, \$1.50.  
**THE WINGED HELMET**—By HAROLD STEELE MACKAY. Paper, 75c; Cloth, \$1.50.  
**THE KING'S SCAPEGOAT**—By HAMILTON DRUMMOND. Paper, 75c; Cloth, \$1.25.

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**THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, Limited,**  
PUBLISHERS, TORONTO.

### Society at the Capital.

BEYOND a few teas, principally informal, there has been little or no stir in strictly social circles during the earlier part of last week, but within the last few days, the visit of the 57th Regiment, Peterborough Rangers, enlivened things somewhat, as several particularly bright entertainments were arranged in their special honor. Major and Mrs. H. Allan Bate were at home on Friday afternoon at a most enjoyable and admirably arranged garden party at their residence in Wilbur street, when the visiting regiment were largely represented by their officers, and their handsome uniforms interspersed with those of many of the officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, added considerably to the beauty of the scene on the spacious lawn. Every one who has not already flitted to the seaside or summer resort, was there, and an exceedingly pleasant hour was passed by our stalwart visitors, whose presence was particularly enjoyed by the fair sex. This entertainment was immediately followed by a dinner given the officers of the visiting regiment by the Colonel and officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, who all cherish very pleasant memories of the "right royal time" given them on the occasion of their visit to Peterborough a year ago. The dinner took place at the Victoria Hotel, Aylmer, to which point both hosts and guests proceeded by electric car, enjoying to the full the refreshing breeze and pretty scenery en route. In every respect it was a most delightful entertainment, most successfully carried out.

The general exodus of Ottawa's four hundred to the many attractive cool spots, which began last week, still goes merrily on, and good-byes are the order of the day. Last week Mrs. Clifford Sifton joined Mr. Sifton and boys at their pretty summer residence, "Assiniboia Lodge," near Brockville. Mrs. Sedgewick has gone to England, while Judge Sedgewick is in England, whither he sailed on the *Lake Erie* on Thursday. Mrs. M. K. Dunlevie has gone to Goderich and Miss Constance Dunlevie will spend the summer at Metis with friends. Mrs. C. J. Smith, with her family, left recently to spend July and August at St. Patrick's. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, wife of the Minister of Justice, with her three daughters, left on Saturday for Murray Bay, where they have taken a cottage for the heated term. Mrs. (Colonel) Rutherford and her little ones also left on Saturday for a summer outing at Metis, and on the same day Mrs. S. H. Fleming and children went to

their summer cottage at Fernbank, on the St. Lawrence. Among those who prefer summering nearer the city are the United States Consul-General, Mrs. and Miss Katherine Foster, who have chosen Kingsmere for their holiday resort; Mr. O'Halloran, the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and Mrs. O'Halloran are also at Kingsmere, having taken Mrs. Mainguy's cottage for the season. Mrs. Gordon Fleck is at Kirk's Ferry, on the Gatineau, and Colonel and Mrs. Lyons Bigger have, as in several seasons past, also gone up the Gatineau and are camping near Farm Point. Dr. and Mrs. Ami are among the many cottagers at Wakefield, where, as usual, Mrs. Arthur Lindsay and daughters are also occupying their pretty summer home. Many have chosen the ocean trip this year, and next week Judge, Mrs. and the Misses Girouard expect to sail for England. Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Kennedy will tour the Continent during the present and coming month and will sail on July 8th. Miss Gwendolyn Smart, daughter of the ex-Deputy Minister of the Interior, sailed on Thursday for Scotland, whither she goes to visit the Misses Patrick of Edinburgh, who spent some time last season with Mr. and Mrs. Smart. Mr. Allan Gill, with a couple of his college "buds," sailed on Saturday from Montreal and will spend the holidays in England. On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brennan of Somerset street also left for the Continent, where they will tour extensively, taking in the Rhine trip and visiting all the European points of interest, their trip to cover a period of three or four months.

Kennebunkport Beach, which is always a favorite with Ottawans, has been chosen as a holiday resort this year by Mrs. David McLaren, who with her daughters, Misses Carrie and Katherine, and accompanied by Miss McLeod Stewart and Miss Irene Bate, proposes leaving for that attractive spot on the 6th of July. Mrs. Martin Griffin and her daughter, Miss May Griffin, also expect to leave for Kennebunkport on the 15th. The many Ottawa friends of Mrs. J. F. Patton, formerly Miss Ethel Hendry, had the pleasure of greeting her once more before her departure for England, at a tea given especially for her by Mrs. Gemmill, of Cliffside, on Tuesday, when the hostess was assisted by Mrs. W. E. Hodgins, who dispensed the season's daintiest edibles from a table decorated most effectively with all the pretty summer blossoms now available. Among those who were there were Mrs. Beckett, London, England, Mrs. Toller, Mrs. W. B. Scarth, Mrs. and Miss Ryley, Mrs. Martin, New York, and Miss N. Martin, Mrs. and Miss May Griffin, Mrs. W. G. Per-



"If you give me a sweet I'll let yer 'ave a bite o' my apple."

ley, Miss Laura Smith, Miss Kitty White and Miss McLeod Clarke. Another of the more enjoyable teas of the week came off on Wednesday, when the Bishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton were at home at their residence in Wilbur street, to the many clergymen and lay delegates who, with their wives, are at present in the Capital attending the Synod meeting. Mrs. A. W. Mackay, the Misses Bogert, Miss Winifred Wicksted and Miss Mary Hamilton performed the more arduous of the hostess's duties for her, providing the many guests with dainties and ices. Besides all the clergy of the several Anglican congregations of the city, many of the lay members were also present.

A bright little tea came off on Wednesday, when Mrs. A. F. McLaren was the hostess, and the guests included Mrs. E. J. Chamberlain, and her guest, Mrs. Durie, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Miss Christie of Lachute, Mrs. W. G. Perley, Mrs. Macpherson of Vancouver, Mrs. Thomas Birkett and Mrs. Gerald.

THE CHAPERON.

Ottawa, July 3rd, 1905.

### The Silence of the Dark.

My neighbor's lamp, across the way,  
Throws dancing lights upon my wall;  
They come and go in passing play,  
And then the sudden shadows fall.

My friend's white soul through eyes and lips  
Shone out on me but yesterday  
In radiant warmth; now swift eclipse  
Has left those windows cold and grey.

Ah, if I could but look behind  
The still, dark barrier of that night,  
And there—undimmed, unwavering—  
find  
That life and love were all alight!

CHARLES BUNTON GOING.

### The Trained Oyster.

"Oysters will soon be done now," said the oyster-opener. "Are you interested in oyster stories?"  
The patron shook his head unsympathetically.

"No," he said. "No, John."  
"No," he said the other. "Well, anyway, I'll tell you something about oysters that will surprise you."

"In January we got a fine lot of Maurice Rivers. I was looking at those grand fellows one afternoon, when every one of them opened his mouth with a simultaneous click. The mouths opened together like soldiers drilling. It was the most perfect thing I ever saw. They stayed open ten minutes or so. Then they closed again."

"The next day, a little later in the afternoon, the oysters opened their mouths again. The next day, a little later still they did the same thing."

"It was a strange sight, a sight never to be forgotten. Try and imagine it. A thousand oysters, as still and dead-looking as that chair—then, click, all of them at the same instant opening their mouths!"  
"We couldn't understand the thing at first. Finally, though, we worked it out."

"Those oysters, though many miles away from their beds, knew by instinct when the flood tide, the tide that brings up food, began, and at the moment of its beginning they opened their mouths, expecting to feed. We watched the almanac, me and the boss, and every day to the minute when the flood tide set in, click—the oysters' mouths opened."

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Royalty's Many Residences.

The Car of Russia and the Emperor of Germany might, if they pleased, dispute with each other as to which of the two owns the greater number of palaces. Each might sleep in a different house every night for a month and not exhaust the number of his various dwelling-places. The Car is said to own many country seats—which are kept up in every detail, furnished and furnished and crowded with servants—into which he has never set foot. King Edward of England, while regularly occupying only four, has a dozen or more houses which are ready for him at all times. —Chicago Journal.

### "Greater Love Hath No Man Than This."

JACQUES and Francois were brothers living in a prosperous town in France. There were many others in the family, but this tale has only to do with these two. Jacques, the silent student, of a great heart, deep courage and honesty, was ambitious. Francois, the gay, the merry, self-confident, intuitive man, longed only for life and excitement and would talk grandly of what great things he would do in the great Outside. But as Francois had a wife (having married with his usual short-sighted impulsiveness), Jacques begged him to be prudent, to rest content with his present prosperity, and one who knew frankly told him he was not fitted to cope with the hard disagreeableness of a large city. And his wife, a gentle, dignified woman to whom he was as life, also knew that he was too weak, but he was an egotist and would not be counselled. If Jacques could do a thing, why, so could he; and though he knew it brought pain to her loving heart, he bragged of his future doings in the outside world. For he envied his brother Jacques his freedom, his ambitions and his world, and though he did not intend to gain his ends in the usual laborious way, he must have the same results. And he did not know that he envied him a great heart-breaking sorrow that drove him ever onward, away from the happy home life of the little town and his brother's beautiful wife. So one day, after many years of patient study, Jacques was prepared, and he took silent leave of all and went away. And before success came, many a bitter struggle did he go through and many a time did he seek a river side, despair and misery goading him to seek a quiet grave, for the world was hard and cruel to the country-bred man. But Jacques of the strong heart conquered, and at last the first step of the ladder of fame was gained.

Then Francois came. Gay, debonair, heartless, he came to see what the big city held. And because he was not prepared at all, the world used him even harder than it had Jacques. But as he had not intended to fight, he at once gave up and in disappointment threw himself into the life of fellow spirits and together they tried to drive away care, but only succeeded in driving away manhood. And when Jacques saw that he respected naught and would take no heed of his counsellings for wisdom, nor keep the humble positions it was necessary for a beginner to accept, nor would he be influenced at all by the staid Jacques, he realized that the cause of his failure to help Francois was their difference of character, so he assumed Francois's and became to all outward seeming as he. Naturally he lost the position that he had gained with such difficulty and wished beyond all things to keep, but he won his brother to him by his camaraderie, and when that was done, though Francois was strong and delivered from the evil ways he had fallen into, Jacques was worn out with the trouble of it all, and all his strength seemed to have gone into the brother. So great a love had he had for him and his wife. He died alone one day in a poor boarding-house, while Francois was being congratulated at a dinner for his wonderful rise in life. That night Francois wrote home: "Poor old Jacques is gone. Good thing for him; Jacques had really gone to the dogs. Such a sly old fellow he was, too. We would never have believed him to be such a gay old boy if I had not come and found him out. Jacques had always been such a queer, taciturn, disagreeable man at home. Never did understand him. Had been awfully awkward really when I was getting along so nicely to see him like a shadow creeping about the streets. . . . Only Francois's wife ever understood Jacques's greatest sacrifice. The sacrifice of himself to a vampire who he had known would rob him of all when he fastened himself upon him in his helplessness. And because he had loved once, he let it be so."

J. P. BEAUMONT.

Lawyer—I have my opinion of you, Client—Well, you can keep it; the last opinion I got from you cost me a hundred dollars.

## GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

So great has been the demand for this well known and reliable make of pianos that the large factory output is insufficient to supply the demand, so that a further addition to the already very extensive factory is necessary and will be rushed forward.

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### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births

COLTER—Cayuga, Ont., June 30, Mrs. B. S. Colter, a daughter.  
DEWEY—Embro, Mrs. F. G. Dewey, a daughter.  
DYKE—Westmount, Montreal, July 2, Mrs. Allertown Dyke, a son.  
GOODERHAM—Toronto, July 1, Mrs. E. D. Gooderham, a daughter.  
LANGLEY—Toronto, July 4, Mrs. Charles E. Langley, a daughter.  
MAY—Balmby Beach, July 3, Mrs. J. A. May, a daughter.  
MEREDITH—Toronto, June 29, Mrs. Harcourt T. A. Meredith, a son.  
MOFFAT—Weston, July 2, Mrs. A. B. Moffat, a son.  
RICHARDSON—Toronto, June 30, Mrs. Charles F. Richardson, a daughter.  
ROLPH—Montreal, June 29, Mrs. Harold Rolph, a daughter.  
STREET—Toronto, July 2, Mrs. L. J. Street, a son.

#### Marriages

ALEXANDER—SEMPLE—On the 28th June, at Zion Church, by Rev. E. B. Silcox, Violet, second daughter of the late Mr. Henry Arthur Semple, High Court of Justice, C. P. D., and Lizzie Semple, to George, third son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Alexander.  
BENTON—PEAKE—Toronto, June 28, Elizabeth Maude Monahan Peka to James O. Benton.  
BURRITT—WELLWOOD—Toronto Junction, July 5, N. Wellwood to A. Burritt.  
BILGER—WISMER—Dunnville, July 1, Clara Armita Wismer to J. E. Bilger.  
CAMPBELL—MAJOR—Toronto, June 29, Elsie May Major to William Johnston Campbell.  
DREW—DIXON—Toronto, July 4, Hattie A. Dixon to Frederick E. Drew.  
FLATT—ROBERTSON—Toronto, June 28, Lillian Jean Robertson to Edgar J. Flatt.  
GREENSMITH—STREIGHT—Islington, June 28, Bertha Evelyn Kingsley Streight to Rev. Harry Gladstone Greensmith.  
HUSTON—WALTERS—Toronto, June 28, Sarah Elizabeth Walters to Lester Huston.  
LAIDLAW—DUNLOP—Woodstock, June 28, Mary Veronica Dunlop to Rev. Robert S. Laidlaw, B.A.  
LAWSON—CHELL—Toronto, July 4, Florence Anna Chell to George S. Lawson.  
MACDONALD—KEER—Cobourg, June 28, Edith Myra Kerr to Donald Walter Macdonald.  
MOORE—BROWN—Toronto, June 28, Eva May Brown to Albert H. Moore.  
MCAUSLAN—HAMILTON—Toronto, June 28, Lillian Trevor Hamilton to Archie McAuslan.  
MACDOUGALD—MURRAY—Toronto, June 28, Margherita Emelie Murray to Duncan J. MacDougald.  
MADILL—ROSS—Toronto, July 4, Winni-

frette Blanche Madill to Herbert Irwin Ross.  
OAKLEY—JOSE—Toronto, June 20, Sarah Jose to Eugene B. Oakley.  
ROSS—PLUMB—Toronto, June 28, Lillian Jane Plumb to Herbert Joseph Ross.  
REDDITT—BROWN—Toronto, June 28, Annie Brown to E. H. Redditt.  
ROBINSON—DE BEAUREGARD—Toronto, July 3, Esther Toutant de Beauregard to Percy James Robinson.

#### Deaths

BELL—Belleville, July 5, John Bell, K.C. Fisher—Bradford, July 5, Mrs. Edward Fisher, aged 82 years.  
BOYD—Toronto, July 4, James Alexander Boyd, aged 7 weeks.  
BERTHO—Deer Park, July 3, Mrs. A. M. Berthon.  
CONNOLLY—Calgary, June 17, Joseph Connolly, aged 28 years.  
DAVY—Toronto, July 3, Mrs. Kate Davy, aged 44 years.  
EWAN—Toronto, July 3, Fred A. Ewan, aged 18 years.  
GUINANE—Toronto, July 3, Rev. Father James J. Guinane, aged 51 years.  
HARE—Toronto, July 3, Mrs. Thomas C. Hare, aged 21 years and 7 months.  
LAWSON—Toronto, July 4, Elizabeth Mary Lawson.  
MCGEE—Toronto, July 5, Mrs. David McGee.  
MACDONALD—Toronto, James Macdonald.  
PRITTE—Toronto, July 3, William Harvey Pritte, aged 26 years.  
PATTERSON—Toronto, July 2, George C. Patterson, aged 61 years.  
RIDOUT—Ottawa, July 3, Thomas Ridout, C.E.  
SPANNER—Toronto, June 28, Emily A. Spanner.  
SNIDER—Toronto, July 5, David Snider, aged 75 years.  
HALL—Toronto Junction, June 29, Mrs. Jane Greenwood Hall.  
TOTTEN—Toronto, July 4, John Totten.

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